★Dec. 25, 1943

# THE NEW YORKER

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# Thinking Homeward

## Christmas 1943

In steaming tropical jungles, on beaches hallowed by American lives, in snow-covered dugouts, in submarines, on battleships, in cloud-banked skies tenanted by lurking enemy planes, men will be thinking of home.

During this Christmas season, we too will be remembering—and our thoughts will meet yours across the miles. Before another Christmas, we hope the grim battle will be won . . . so that you who are sacrificing so much for your country may return to your homes and families . . . to the professions and jobs you left.

With victory will come new responsibilities for us all—rebuilding shattered lands, raising new cities from the ashes of the old, constructing new homes and manufacturing new products for millions of people at home and abroad. There will be work for *you* and for *us* in the post-war period. Your productive capacity and leadership will be needed in the reconstruction of a battle-weary world.

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*Producing* STAINLESS STEEL *Exclusively*

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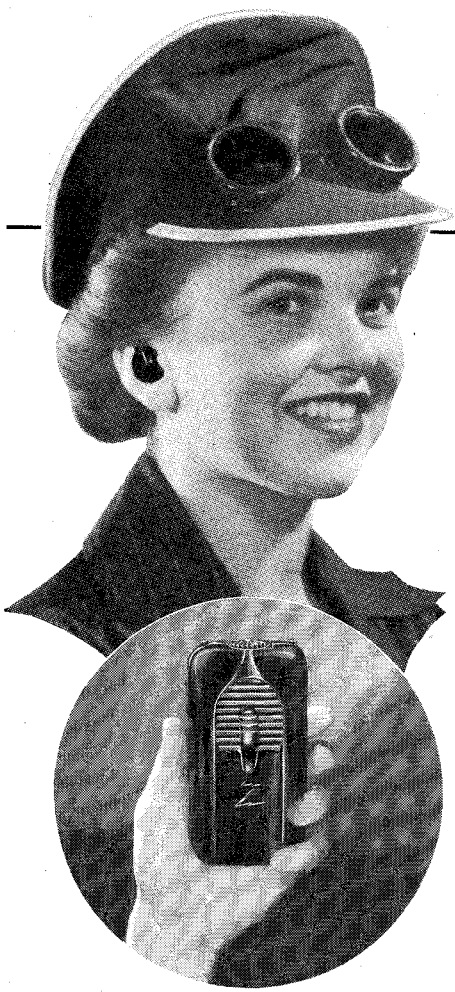
# You owe it to your Uncle Sam!

*He needs manpower—every available person. A hearing deficiency may keep you out of the armed forces... but you can do your fighting on the home front... in war materiel plants. A good hearing aid enables you to go all out in the war effort. The movement is growing. In our plant today are workers wearing hearing aids and contributing as competently as if their hearing were normal.*



*The New Zenith* RADIONIC
HEARING AID
$40.00 READY TO WEAR

Complete—with Radionic Tubes—Crystal Microphone and Batteries
... *Liberal Guarantee*

•

Zenith has built the best that modern knowledge and *radionic* engineering make possible into this $40.00 hearing aid. It has no other models... *one* model... *one* price... *one* quality.

## You owe it to your friends!

They want to enjoy your company as much as you do theirs. Your hearing aid means as much to them as it does to you.

## Are you really doing your part?

That question only *you* can answer. *Think!*

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

## *Report on a Revolution*

Zenith recently started a revolution—to reduce the *cost of hearing*. After years of research and preparation, the Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is now offered to the public.

The price—$40—(about one-quarter that of other good vacuum tube instruments). Complete—ready to wear—with miniature radio tubes, crystal microphone and batteries—liberally guaranteed.

Inquiries from everywhere have flooded the mails—telephone calls—telegrams.

A sales volume—unheard-of in this field—is gaining daily momentum—and is a demand created by self-evident merit of the instrument itself. Today our problem becomes one of production and distribution—to as quickly as possible make the Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid available in all localities.

We are doing our best to furnish additional manpower for Uncle Sam's production forces. And—in the doing—we are experiencing that rare satisfaction born of directly contributing to the welfare of individuals.

THE ZENITH HEARING AID WILL BE AVAILABLE THROUGH REPUTABLE OPTICAL ESTABLISHMENTS FRANCHISED BY ZENITH.
(NO HOME CALLS OR SOLICITATIONS)
*Write us for address of outlet nearest to you.*

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

TO PHYSICIANS:
A detailed scientific description will be sent upon request. Further technical details will appear in medical journals.

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CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

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RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(This week and next, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of schedules because of Christmas and New Year's. There may be further changes at the last minute, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

ANOTHER LOVE STORY—Frederick Lonsdale back with a comedy involving no less than three love affairs, all shady. The cast includes Roland Young, Margaret Lindsay, and Arthur Margetson. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is rounding out its third year. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE DOUGHGIRLS—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. George S. Kaufman has directed a cast that includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

HARRIET—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The play itself is accurate enough but unfortunately a bit dull. Helen Hayes, however, is superb. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. No performances Fri. through Mon., Dec. 24-27. Other Eves. at 8:40. Mats. Thurs., Dec. 23, and Wed., Thurs., and Sat., Dec. 29, 30, and Jan. 1, at 2:40.)

JANIE—Linda Watkins in a mild comedy of interest largely to people who always find adolescence fascinating. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 3; special Mats. Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 29-30, at 2:40.)

KISS AND TELL—A rather frail piece about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. Directed by George Abbott, with a fine cast, including Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Dec. 30, at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LOVERS AND FRIENDS—An old-fashioned vehicle for Katharine Cornell which hasn't much else to offer. Her supporting cast includes Raymond Massey, Henry Daniell, Anne Burr, and Carol Goodner. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OTHELLO—A magnificent production, staged by Margaret Webster and sponsored by the Theatre Guild. Paul Robeson is very impressive as the Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. Among the others are Uta Hagen, James Monks, and Miss Webster herself. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE—Rose Franken tries to deal simultaneously with homosexuality and racial intolerance but hasn't a great deal to say about either. A fine cast includes Elsie Ferguson, Maria Ouspenskaya, Margalo Gillmore, and Frederic Tozere. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THREE IS A FAMILY—A simple-minded but sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40; special Mat. Wed., Dec. 29, at 2:40.)

TOMORROW THE WORLD—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. Skippy Homeier is remarkable in his rôle of the young Fascist, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a sound, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 1.

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—An expert comedy with a small, expert cast consisting of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

WINGED VICTORY—A cast of more than two hundred servicemen and some women civilians in Moss Hart's gigantic and beautiful recruiting poster for the Air Corps. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15; special Mat. Thurs., Dec. 30, at 2:15.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

FEATHERS IN A GALE—A play by Pauline Jamerson and Reginald Lawrence, with Peggy Conklin and Norman MacKay. Staged by Arthur Hopkins and produced by Mr. Hopkins and Martin Burton. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Dec. 27, at 2:40.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE


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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200


LISTEN, PROFESSOR!—An adaptation by Peggy Phillips of a play by the Soviet author Alexander Afinegenov, with Dudley Digges. Staged by Sanford Meisner and produced by Milton Baron, Jean Muir, and Toni Ward. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

### WITH MUSIC

CARMEN JONES—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE—A revival of the Fields-Rodgers-Hart success of 1927, with modern adjustments and one fine new song. A little disappointing in spite of the effective performances by Vivienne Segal and Vera-Ellen. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Wed., Dec. 29, at 2:40.)

EARLY TO BED—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and almost as elementary as it sounds. Richard Kollmar, Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard are in the cast. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

THE MERRY WIDOW—An earnest, expensive revival, with Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OKLAHOMA!—First-rate musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, and Betty Garde are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., Dec. 28, at 2:30.)

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes De Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. All very satisfactory. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

ROSALINDA—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. A big, good-natured comedy, also containing Betty Bruce and Cole Porter's music. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WHAT'S UP—Jimmy Savo very briefly visible, along with a lot of nice children, in a musical comedy about some aviators who come down at a girls' school. All as innocent as Peter Rabbit, but perhaps you might do worse. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 2:45.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—Rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. Milton Berle is in charge of a very large cast. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

DOCTORS DISAGREE—A play by Rose Franken, with Barbara O'Neil, Philip Ober, and Dolly Haas. Staged by Miss Franken and produced by William Brown Meloney. Opens Tues., Dec. 28. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SOUTH PACIFIC—Canada Lee in a play by Howard Rigsby and Dorothy Heyward. Staged by Lee Strasberg and produced by David Lowe. Opens Wed., Dec. 29. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

### MISCELLANY

NEW YORK CITY CENTER—"The Patriots," with Walter Hampden, Julie Haydon, and Cecil Humphries: Thurs. and Sat., Dec. 23 and 25, at 3 and 8:40 P.M. (131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

BENEFIT—"Fun for Freedom," a variety show with a lot of Broadway entertainers. For the benefit of

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 45, December 25, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F-R Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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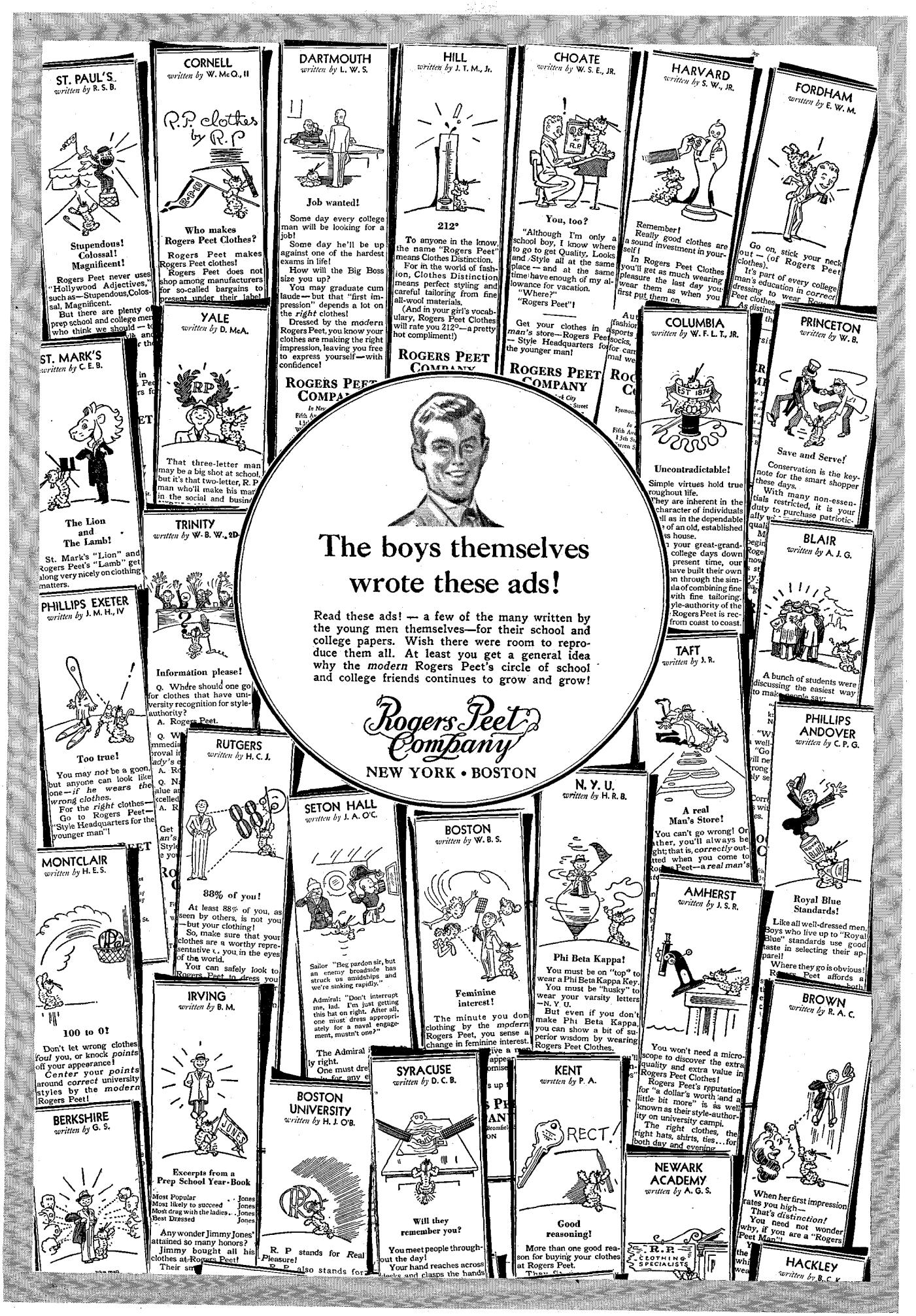
ST. PAUL'S
written by R. S. B.
Stupendous! Colossal! Magnificent!
Rogers Peet never uses "Hollywood Adjectives," such as—Stupendous, Colossal, Magnificent.
But there are plenty of prep school and college men who think we should —
CORNELL
written by W. McQ., II
R.P. clothes by R.P.
Who makes Rogers Peet Clothes?
Rogers Peet makes Rogers Peet clothes!
Rogers Peet does not shop among manufacturers for so-called bargains to present under their label
DARTMOUTH
written by L. W. S.
Job wanted!
Some day every college man will be looking for a job!
Some day he'll be up against one of the hardest exams in life!
How will the Big Boss size you up?
You may graduate cum laude—but that "first impression" depends a lot on the right clothes!
Dressed by the modern Rogers Peet, you know your clothes are making the right impression, leaving you free to express yourself—with confidence!
ROGERS PEET COMPANY
HILL
written by J. T. M., Jr.
212°
To anyone in the know, the name "Rogers Peet" means Clothes Distinction.
For in the world of fashion, Clothes Distinction means perfect styling and careful tailoring from fine all-wool materials.
(And in your girl's vocabulary, Rogers Peet Clothes will rate you 212°—a pretty hot compliment!)
ROGERS PEET COMPANY
CHOATE
written by W. S. E., JR.
You, too?
"Although I'm only a school boy, I know where to go to get Quality, Looks and Style all at the same place — and at the same time have enough of my allowance for vacation.
"Where?"
"Rogers Peet"!
Get your clothes in man's store—Rogers Peet — Style Headquarters for the younger man!
ROGERS PEET COMPANY
HARVARD
written by S. W., JR.
Remember!
Really good clothes are a sound investment in yourself!
In Rogers Peet Clothes you'll get as much wearing pleasure the last day you wear them as when you first put them on.
FORDHAM
written by E. W. M.
Go on, stick your neck out — (of Rogers Peet clothes).
It's part of every college man's education in correct dressing to wear Rogers Peet clothes.
ST. MARK'S
written by C. E. B.
The Lion and The Lamb!
St. Mark's "Lion" and Rogers Peet's "Lamb" get along very nicely on clothing matters.
YALE
written by D. McA.
That three-letter man may be a big shot at school, but it's that two-letter, R. P. man who'll make his mark in the social and business
TRINITY
written by W. B. W., 2D.
Information please!
Q. Where should one go for clothes that have university recognition for style-authority?
A. Rogers Peet.
COLUMBIA
written by W. F. L. T., JR.
EST. 1874
Uncontradictable!
Simple virtues hold true throughout life.
They are inherent in the character of individuals as in the dependable air of an old, established business house.
In your great-grandfather's college days down to the present time, our name has built their own reputation through the similarity of combining fine workmanship with fine tailoring.
Style-authority of the world. Rogers Peet is recognized from coast to coast.
PRINCETON
written by W. B.
Save and Serve!
Conservation is the keynote for the smart shopper these days.
With many non-essentials restricted, it is your duty to purchase patriotically
BLAIR
written by A. J. G.
A bunch of students were discussing the easiest way to make people say:
PHILLIPS EXETER
written by J. M. H., IV
Too true!
You may not be a goon, but anyone can look like one—if he wears the wrong clothes.
For the right clothes—Go to Rogers Peet—"Style Headquarters for the younger man"!
RUTGERS
written by H. C. J.
88% of you!
At least 88% of you, as seen by others, is not you—but your clothing!
So, make sure that your clothes are a worthy representative of you in the eyes of the world.
You can safely look to Rogers Peet to dress you
SETON HALL
written by J. A. O'C.
Sailor "Beg pardon sir, but an enemy broadside has struck us amidships, and we're sinking rapidly."
Admiral: "Don't interrupt me, lad. I'm just getting this hat on right. After all, one must dress appropriately for a naval engagement, mustn't one?"
The Admiral is quite right.
One must dress for any
BOSTON
written by W. B. S.
Feminine interest!
The minute you don clothing by the modern Rogers Peet, you sense a change in feminine interest.
N. Y. U.
written by H. R. B.
Phi Beta Kappa!
You must be on "top" to wear a Phi Beta Kappa Key.
You must be "husky" to wear your varsity letters —N. Y. U.
But even if you don't make Phi Beta Kappa, you can show a bit of superior wisdom by wearing Rogers Peet Clothes.
TAFT
written by J. R.
A real Man's Store!
You can't go wrong! Or rather, you'll always be right; that is, correctly outfitted when you come to Rogers Peet—a real man's
AMHERST
written by J. S. R.
You won't need a microscope to discover the extra quality and extra value in Rogers Peet Clothes!
Rogers Peet's reputation for "a dollar's worth and a little bit more" is as well known as their style-authority on university campi.
The right clothes, the right hats, shirts, ties . . . for both day and evening
PHILLIPS ANDOVER
written by C. P. G.
Royal Blue Standards!
Like all well-dressed men, Boys who live up to "Royal Blue" standards use good taste in selecting their apparel!
Where they go is obvious! Rogers Peet affords a
MONTCLAIR
written by H. E. S.
100 to 0!
Don't let wrong clothes foul you, or knock points off your appearance!
Center your points around correct university styles by the modern Rogers Peet!
IRVING
written by B. M.
Excerpts from a Prep School Year-Book
Most Popular . . Jones
Most likely to succeed . . Jones
Most drag with the ladies . . Jones
Best Dressed . . Jones
Any wonder Jimmy Jones attained so many honors?
Jimmy bought all his clothes at Rogers Peet!
Their sm
BOSTON UNIVERSITY
written by H. J. O'B.
R. P stands for Real Pleasure!
R. P. also stands for
SYRACUSE
written by D. C. B.
Will they remember you?
You meet people throughout the day!
Your hand reaches across
and clasps the hands
KENT
written by P. A.
RECT!
Good reasoning!
More than one good reason for buying your clothes at Rogers Peet.
They
BERKSHIRE
written by G. S.
NEWARK ACADEMY
written by A. G. S.
R. P. CLOTHING SPECIALISTS
BROWN
written by R. A. C.
When her first impression rates you high—
That's distinction!
You need not wonder why, if you are a "Rogers Peet Man"!
HACKLEY
written by B. C. K.
The boys themselves wrote these ads!
Read these ads! — a few of the many written by the young men themselves—for their school and college papers. Wish there were room to reproduce them all. At least you get a general idea why the modern Rogers Peet's circle of school and college friends continues to grow and grow!
Rogers Peet Company
NEW YORK • BOSTON

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Spanish Loyalist refugees: Sun., Dec. 26, at 8:45 P.M. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889.)

**ICE SHOW**—"Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mats. Mon. and Tues., Dec. 27-28, and Thurs., Dec. 30, at 2:40. Special performance Fri., Dec. 31, at 11:50 P.M.)

**MARTHA GRAHAM**—With her company: Sun., Dec. 26, at 8:45 P.M. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075.)

## CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

**THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE**—"Bobino": Sat. and Mon., Dec. 25 and 27, at 3 P.M.; Wed., Dec. 29, at 2:30 P.M.; and Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 30-Jan. 1, at 3 P.M. (New School, 66 W. 12. For tickets, call GR 7-8464.)

**HOLIDAY FESTIVAL**—The children of New York honoring the children of Stalingrad. The entertainment will include Paul Robeson, Skippy Homeier, Zero Mostel, and dancers from the Ballet Russe: Tues., Dec. 28, at 2 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. For tickets, call MU 3-1948.)

**SUE HASTINGS MARIONETTES**—"Hansel and Gretel" and "Puppet Follies": Wed., Dec. 29, at 3:30 P.M. (*Junior League Clubhouse, 221 E. 71.* BU 8-6220.)

**SUZARI MARIONETTES**—"Pinocchio": Sat., Sun., Wed., and Sat., Dec. 25, 26, 29, and Jan. 1; "Nobody's Boy": Mon. and Fri., Dec. 27 and 31; "Peter and the Wolf" and "Rumplestiltskin": Tues. and Thurs., Dec. 28 and 30; at 11:15 A.M. and 1:15 and 3:15 P.M. (World Theatre, 153 W. 49. CI 7-5747.)

**STAGE CHILDREN'S GUILD**—"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs": Tues. and Wed., Dec. 28-29; Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird": Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 30-31; at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-6545.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53—A holiday-season playroom for children, with sketching facilities and games, as well as a special exhibit of modern painting, will be open Mon. through Fri., from 10 A.M. to 12 noon and 2 to 5:30 P.M., and Sun. and New Year's Day from 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 30. (On Mon. and Fri. Afts. the playroom is reserved for members and their children.)

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

**AMBASSADOR**, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The décor of the Trianon Room is eighteenth-century, but the music, by Jules Lande's orchestra, isn't.

**BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room has an ice show and Ray Heatherton's band.

**CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mostly jazz, with a lavish, East Side touch. Hazel Scott, John Sebastian, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

**CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This Village branch has jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, folk songs by Josh White, and dances by Pearl Primus.

**COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Jimmy Durante, Mary Raye and Naldi, and Frank Marti's samba band keep things lively here. . . . The new Copa Bar has Anne Francine, Wilma Cox, Sylvie St. Clair, and several others.

**EL MOROCCO**, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A popular little place near Third Avenue. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

**LARUE**, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For those who like their dancing gentle. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

**MONTE CARLO**, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Now receiving friends in its large, impressive, good-looking new home. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band are still on hand.

**PIERRE**, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is perfect for claustrophobes and royalists and fine for other people, too. Stanley Melba's orchestra and a dance team. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

**PLAZA**, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, with her songs and her accent, is in the Persian Room. Bob Grant's orchestra.

**RITZ-CARLTON**, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—The dinner-dance music in the Oval Room is, of course, sedate.

**ST. REGIS**, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room sports an ice show at the supper hour, and Freddy Miller's orchestra is around all evening. . . . The Maisonette has Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras.

**SAVOY-PLAZA**, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

**STORK CLUB**, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—An up-and-coming refreshment stand on the East Side. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Charles Baum's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 1.**

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra is in the Wedgwood Room, and at the supper hour there is also a small show. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

**SUPPER CLUBS**—Entertainment but no dancing—**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Mme. Claude Alphand is here to remind you of Paris. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a sequestered place, with Maxine Sullivan heading the show. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Sheila Barrett tells you all about the life American. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): as comfortable as your own parlor, with Roger Stearns' piano music thrown in. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a log fire, a view of the Park, and some unobtrusive music.

**MISCELLANEOUS**—At the **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls, with Val Olman's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band; Dwight Fiske turns up at the supper hour. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the more pleasant small ones; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): also small, also pleasant; George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CASBAH**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): life in the native quarter was never like this; Danny Yates' orchestra and a small show. . . . **RIOBAMBA**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): a large and fairly noisy show, headed by Gertrude Niesen; Ernie Holtz's orchestra. . . . **CASABLANCA**, 161 E. 54 (EL 5-9592): blue shadows, palms, and Arabic writing on the walls; Ralph Font's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Enric Madriguera's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Abe Lyman's orchestra. . . . **LINCOLN**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a cellar with murals, an orchestra, and folk songs by Richard Dyer-Bennett.

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**MOSTLY FOR MUSIC**—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Art Tatum plays the piano, and there's also Ben Webster's orchestra. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Trio supply the music in this midtown saloon.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Christmas Day and New Year's Day.)

**CAMERON BOOTH**—Paintings by a Western artist new to New York: Mortimer Brandt, 15 E. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 24.

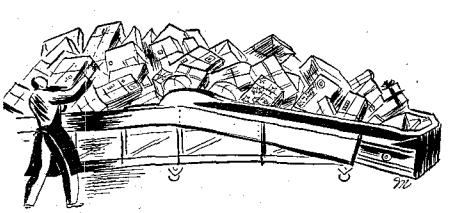
**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern P'kw'y—A large exhibition of early work by Arthur B. Davies, John Sloan, Everett Shinn, and other members of "The Eight." Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 16.

**FRANZ BUEB**—Water colors reminiscent of Dufy: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 24.

**DAVID BURLIUK**—Russian and American scenes, along with portraits of Lenin and Tolstoi: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 8.

**EDUCATIONAL ALLIANCE**, 197 E. Broadway, at Jefferson—An anniversary show of work by former students of the school, including Chaim Gross, Saul Berman, Peter Blume, Jacob Epstein, and many others. Sun. through Thurs., 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Christmas and New Year's Day, 7:30 P.M. to 10 P.M.; through March 15.

**LOUIS EILSHEMIUS**—Paintings done in 1909, an important year in the artist's development: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.



**FRENCH**—At the **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: paintings, sculptures, prints, and miscellaneous documents, all bearing on the French Revolution. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31. . . . **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: sixteen paintings by Dufy, Derain, Rouault, and others of the Paris school. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

**GORDON GRANT**—Water colors of Gloucester: Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

**GROUPS**—At the **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: pictures by contemporary Mexican, French, and American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: another show of Mexican, French, and American art, this one including sculpture as well as painting. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 43 W. 55: small sculptures and pictures by Leo Amino, Maurice Golubov, Hans Boehler, and other contemporary artists. Tues., 1 to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31. . . . **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57: a review of the gallery's exhibitions during the last seven years. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31. . . . **JULIEN LEVY**, 42 E. 57: gouaches and miniature objects by Yves Tanguy, Marcel Duchamp, and Joseph Cornell. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 24. . . . **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: prints by Rouault, Braque, Kollwitz, Masson, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 30. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: small paintings by such American artists as Whistler, Homer, and Ryder. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31. . . . **FRIENDS OF GREECE**, 52 E. 57: religious paintings by Mané-Katz, Louis Bouché, Everett Shinn, Jon Corbino, and others. Daily 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 24. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: thirty-two paintings by as many artists, ranging from A. B. Davies to Eugene Berman. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

**EDWARD HOPPER**—Recent water colors of Mexican subjects: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

**ISRAEL LITWAK**—Hunting scenes, the African jungle, and Rockefeller Center, by a modern primitive: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

**ELENOR LUST**—Landscapes and portraits, with paintings of Paula Laurence and Max Ernst among the latter group: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 24.

**JOHN MARIN**—More about Maine: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., Christmas, and New Year's Day, 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 9.

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, 5 Ave. at 82— Selections from the collection of medieval and renaissance art given to the Museum by the late George Blumenthal; also, a small group of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian paintings from the Maitland F. Griggs collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5 P.M.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of romantic American painting (through Feb. 6); also, battle drawings made on the spot by members of the Marine Corps (through Jan. 9); and a retrospective showing of work by Alexander Calder (through Jan. 16). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 1 to 7 P.M.

**MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING**, 24 E. 54—A loan exhibition of water colors, constructions, oils, and other work by such artists as Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, and Warner Phelps. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

**NURA**—Paintings of children and animals: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 24.

**PARIS**—A loan exhibition of Parisian scenes by Daumier, Dufy, Gromaire, Renoir, and others: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 51. Mon. through Fri., except Dec. 24, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 8.

**PICASSO**—At the **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: paintings, drawings, and gouaches from 1905 to 1937. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: seven large oils, from 1921 to 1937. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

**NATHANIEL POUSETTE-DART**—Nearly two hundred very small paintings and a few drawings: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

**FERNANDO PUMA**—Recent oils, mostly of the circus and the sea: Puma, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 8.

**DORIS ROSENTHAL**—Drawings, pastels, and oils, all of Mexico: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 24.

**SCULPTURE**—Small figures done in the gallery's studio by servicemen: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 P.M. and 7 to 10 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

**WALTER STUEMPFIG**—Considerably romanticized Ameri-

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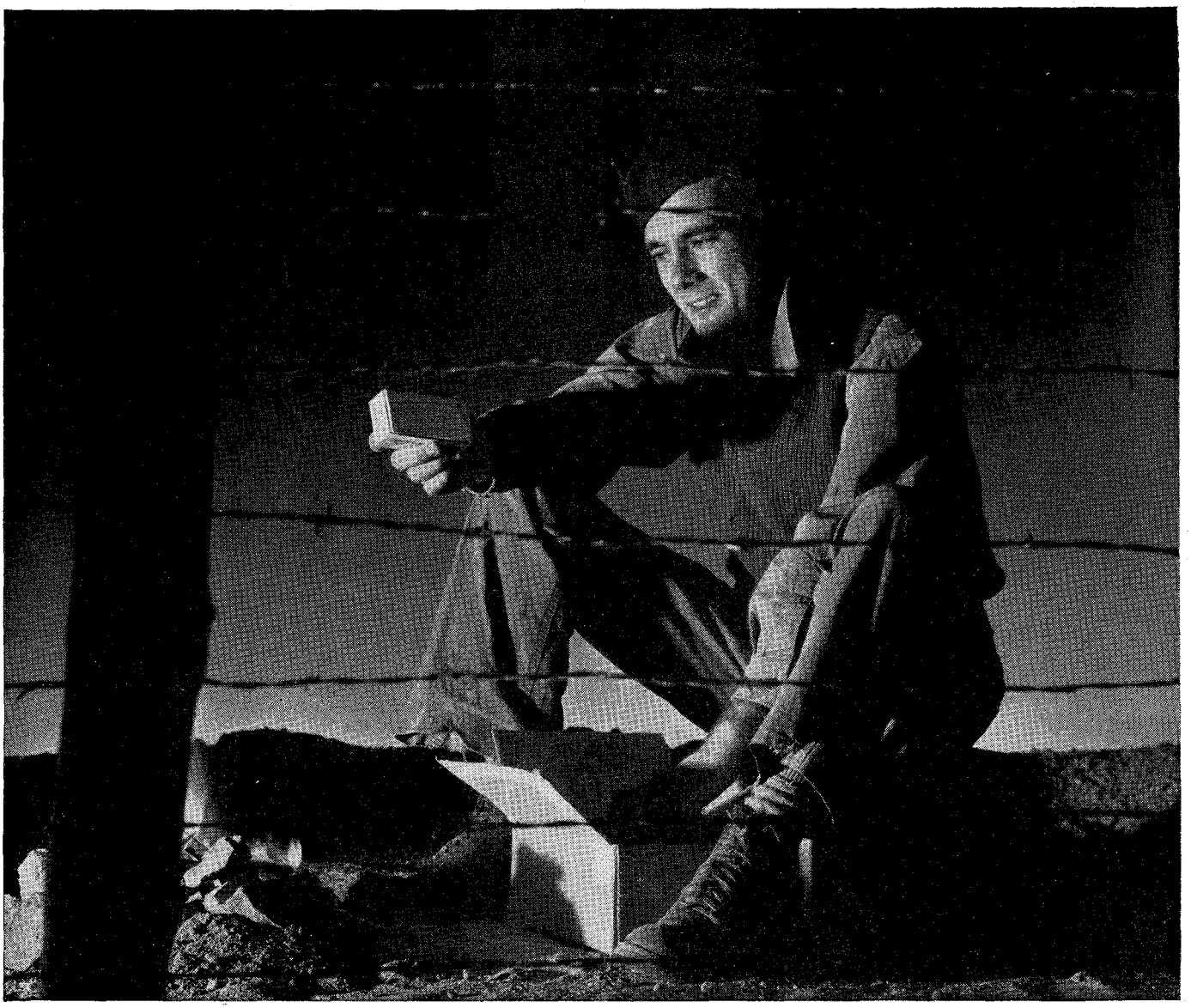

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# "Honest-to-gosh American food!"

Put yourself behind German barbed wire — a prisoner of war. You're hungry and homesick. Into your hands comes an 11-pound package of food.

It's all yours. Raisins, sugar, coffee, oleo, corned beef, biscuits, ham, salmon, orange concentrate, milk chocolate, cheese, powdered milk, soap and cigarettes! Familiar cans and packages. Labels that look like old friends.

Can you imagine your *gratitude?*

The Army arranges for a carton of this kind to be sent to every American soldier in every German prison camp *every week.* The food is really needed to help keep American boys healthy and hopeful until V-day dawns.

To that end, the *kinds* of food in the carton are carefully selected to provide the best balanced and most nutritious diet possible under prison conditions. Dairy products are well represented, of course, because milk is nature's most nearly perfect food.

National Dairy regularly supplies products for the prisoners' packages. National Dairy Laboratories helped develop cheese and milk which can be shipped anywhere in any climate.

When the barbed wire comes down and the boys come home again, they'll meet new materials and products that are being born today in the treasure-house of milk.

*Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.*

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 1.**

can scenes: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

SURREALIST—Work by Max Ernst, Yves Tanguy, Matta, and other surrealists, compared with paintings by the insane: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

MAURICE UTRILLO—Twelve paintings, ranging from his early work to 1940: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 31.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The annual show of contemporary American paintings, sculptures, water colors, and drawings. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Howard Barlow conducting: Thurs., Dec. 23, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 24, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Dec. 25, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sun., Dec. 26, at 3 P.M. Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Dec. 30, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 31, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Jan. 1, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Joseph Schuster, 'cello, Dec. 25-26; Robert Casadesus, piano, Dec. 30-31.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Carmen," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 23. . . . "Mignon," Sat. Aft., Dec. 25. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," and the Polovetzian Dances from "Prince Igor," Sat. Eve., Dec. 25. . . . "Rigoletto," Mon. Eve., Dec. 27. . . . "Norma," Wed. Eve., Dec. 29. . . . "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," Thurs. Aft., Dec. 30. . . . "The Magic Flute," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 30. . . . "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Fri. Eve., Dec. 31. . . . "La Traviata," Sat. Aft., Jan. 1. . . . "Boris Godunoff," Sat. Eve., Jan. 1. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.) . . . Among the singers on the Sunday night concert, Dec. 26, at 8:30 P.M., will be Thelma Altman, Christine Johnson, Donald Dame, and Herbert Janssen.

RUSSIAN OPERA COMPANY—"Prince Igor," Wed., Dec. 29, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SONATA RECITAL—Orrea Pernel, violin, and Bruce Simonds, piano. Mon., Dec. 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

MICHAEL FIELD AND VERA APPLETON—Piano. Tues., Dec. 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

DOROTHY MAYNOR—Soprano. Wed., Dec. 29, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

## SPORTS

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden—L.I.U. vs. University of Havana, and Brooklyn vs. West Kentucky, Sat., Dec. 25; N.Y.U. vs. Pittsburgh, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Arkansas, Tues., Dec. 28; St. John's vs. Kentucky, and L.I.U. vs. De Paul, Thurs., Dec. 30; L.I.U. vs. Duke, and N.Y.U. vs. Colgate, Sat., Jan. 1; at 8:15 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Jacob La Motta vs. George Kochan, middleweights, 10 rounds, Wed., Dec. 29. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Chicago, Sun., Dec. 26; Rangers vs. Toronto, Fri., Dec. 31; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series games: Sun., Dec. 26, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

## OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays, including New Year's Day, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; closed Christmas. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg.: an Army Air Forces show, with a P-39, a P-47, a P-40, and parts of other fighter planes. Fri., Dec. 24, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Christmas, 1 to 10 P.M.; other days, including New Year's Day, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 29. . . . METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82: "The Soviet Artist in the War," an exhibition of original war posters and of photographs showing cultural activities in present-day Russia. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

PHOTOGRAPHY—At the PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 9 W. 54: photographs taken in Mexico during the last twenty years, mostly by American photographers. Weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 13. . . . AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Pk. W. at 77: the annual show of the Pictorial Photographers of America. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., Christmas, and New Year's Day, 2 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

POULTRY SHOW—An exhibit of about twenty-five thousand prize fowl, along with displays of equipment for professional and amateur poultry raisers: Madison Square Garden. Daily, including New Year's Day, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; from Thurs., Dec. 30, through Sun., Jan. 2.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Fashions of the French court, shown in a display of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century prints. Weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 29.

AMERICANA—At the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82: a loan exhibition showing the influence of classic Greek culture on the architecture, furniture, and decorative arts of the United States during the early nineteenth century, with a completely furnished drawing room of the period. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 29. . . . MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: "Fun and Folly in New York," an exhibit of life-size figures in tableaux ranging from a fancy dress ball of the Nineties to a Greenwich Village speakeasy. Tues. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 15.

DOLLS—An exhibition of wood, china, and rag dolls of the last century: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Tues. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 5.

ON THE AIR—President Roosevelt reporting to the nation on his recent trip, Fri., Dec. 24, at 3 P.M., on all major networks. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Howard Barlow conducting, Sun., Dec. 26, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Dec. 25 and Jan. 1, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sun., Dec. 26, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Cleveland Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Sun., Dec. 26, at 9 P.M., WOR. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Mignon," with Risë Stevens and James Melton, Sat., Dec. 25; "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese and Jan Peerce, Sat., Jan. 1; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Football games, Sat., Jan. 1: Orange Bowl, Louisiana State vs. Texas A. and M., at 1 P.M., WABC; Cotton Bowl, Texas vs. Randolph Field, at 2 P.M., WOR; Sugar Bowl, Georgia Tech vs. Tulsa, at 3:30 P.M., WABC; East-West game, at 4:30 P.M., WOR; Rose Bowl, University of Washington vs. So. California, at 4:45 P.M., WEAF.

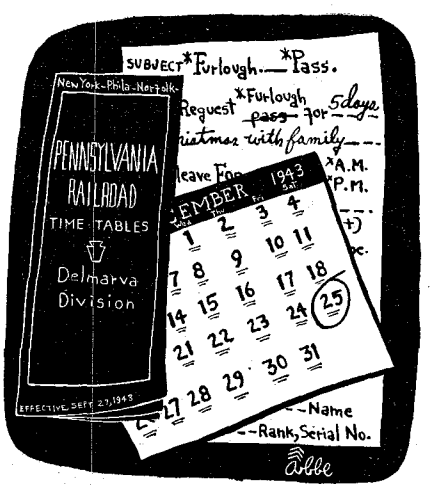
CHRISTMAS PROGRAMS. On FRI., DEC. 24: Pope Pius, at 7:15 A.M., WEAF; midnight Mass from the Vatican, at 6:40 P.M., WEAF; Mass from St. Patrick's Cathedral, at 12 midnight, WOR. . . . SAT., DEC. 25: the Archbishop of Canterbury, at 8:15 A.M., WJZ; King George, at 10 A.M., on all major networks; broadcasts by servicemen at the battle fronts, at 10:15 A.M., WJZ, and at 2 P.M., WEAF; the Collegiate Chorale in a program of carols, at 2:30 P.M., WABC; an all-star variety show, which will be sent by short wave to servicemen overseas, at 4 P.M., WABC; the Eighth Air Force Christmas party, broadcast from an English base, at 6:15 P.M., WABC.

## MOTION PICTURES

THE ADVENTURES OF TARTU—Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson in a very well-told British spy picture. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Dec. 24.)

THE BATTLE OF RUSSIA—A clear and dramatic documentary about Russia made by the U. S. Government, mostly from Soviet movies. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41; Thurs., Dec. 23.)

THE CROSS OF LORRAINE—An authentic story of life in a German prison camp, unfortunately somewhat scrambled at the end. Jean Pierre Aumont, Hume Cronyn, and Gene Kelly. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., Dec. 24. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Dec. 25. . . .




Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Dec. 29. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 28-29.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—A screen adaptation that you may have heard about, notable for its suspense, acting, and exceptional Technicolor, if not for its political convictions Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

HOLY MATRIMONY—A new version of Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," with Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley making it everything you could ask. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., Dec. 24. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 25-27. . . . World, 153 W. 49; tentative, through Fri., Dec. 31.)

JOHNNY COME LATELY—James Cagney's first independent production isn't world-shaking but it's a pleasant little story, all about small-town journalism forty years ago. With Grace George. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 25-27.)

MADAME CURIE—Based on Eve Curie's biography of her mother, and nicely done for the most part. Greer Garson has the title rôle and Walter Pidgeon is her husband. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

THE NORTH STAR—A bit of the war history of a Russian village, splendidly conceived and pretty well executed. Erich von Stroheim, Walter Huston, and Anne Baxter are in the cast. (Victoria, B'way at 46; and Palace, B'way at 47.)

REPORT FROM THE ALEUTIANS—An informative and often stirring documentary by Captain John Huston. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., Dec. 23.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—Last year's Army show has been moved to the screen with extensive alterations and additions, but no harm done. There's a supplementary civilian cast which includes George Murphy, Alan Hale, Joan Leslie, and Charles Butterworth. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Sat., Dec. 25.)

TRUE TO LIFE—A good, noisy comedy with Dick Powell, Franchot Tone, Mary Martin, and Victor Moore. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 24-26. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 28-29.)

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER—Walt Disney ingeniously presents the case for the long-range bomber. Partly animation and partly Major A. P. de Seversky just lecturing from the screen. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Dec. 29.)

## REVIVALS

CASABLANCA (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 24-27. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 25-27.)

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. Claude Rains. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., Dec. 25.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940)—A Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and Robert Benchley. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 29-31.)

HOLD BACK THE DAWN (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Dec. 25-28.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry piece, with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Dec. 23.)

HOLIDAY INN (1942)—An Irving Berlin score sung by Bing Crosby and danced to by Fred Astaire. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 29-31.)

IN OLD CHICAGO (1938)—Mrs. O'Leary and her cow, as well as Alice Faye and Tyrone Power. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Dec. 24. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 28-29. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 28-30.)

JOY OF LIVING (1938)—Fluffy little comedy with Kern music, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 28-29.)

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:30 (1942)—Monty Woolley as a hard-drinking actor, and Ida Lupino as his daughter. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 26-27.)

LOVE CRAZY (1941)—Myrna Loy and William Powell, marriage and madness. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., Dec. 24.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER (1942)—Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley in the Kaufman-Hart comedy. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sun. through Tues., Dec. 26-28.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward and Julie Haydon in the Hecht-MacArthur miracle play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., Dec. 25.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is

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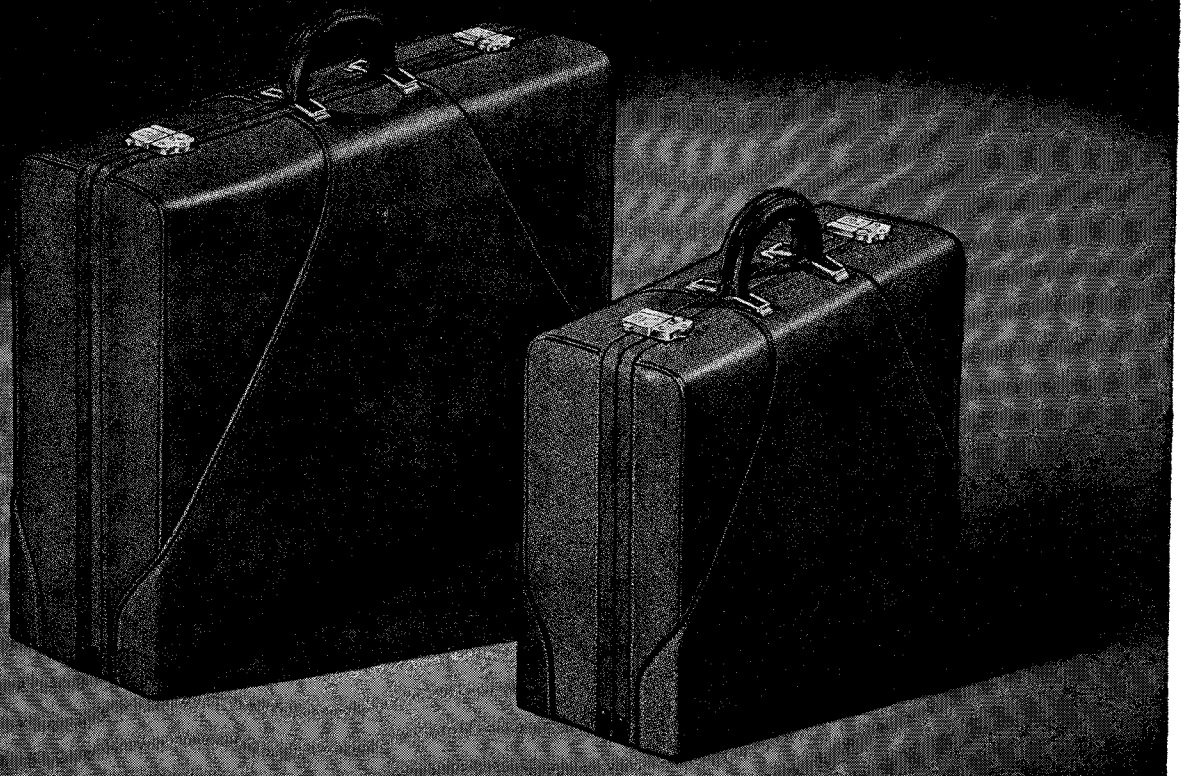
# WHEARY

## THE NAME TO REMEMBER IN



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Those who travel widely appreciate the superior characteristics found in WHEARY luggage. Even though the fine leathers used in the COLONELS shown above, and the distinctive WHEARY hardware have gone to war, attractive new models built to time-honored WHEARY standards can be purchased with confidence. . . . Today—though much of their time is devoted to producing Ambulance Crash Chests and Organization Trunks for the Air Force, Binocular Cases for the Navy, Officers' Field Equipment for the Army, and Lockers for the Marines—WHEARY luggage is built by the same skilled craftsmen who built it in the past. So we say again—when you want fine luggage, the name to remember is WHEARY! WHEARY INCORPORATED, Racine, Wisconsin.

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**is still *up* . . .**
**though quantity is down**

When war's restrictions cut down the supply of the pure, wholesome ingredients . . . such as the milk, sugar and dextrose we use in making delicious Allen's Toffee . . . we decided to keep the quality *up*, the quantity down.

It was the only decision we could make . . . and keep faith with you . . . the stores where preferred candies are sold . . . and ourselves. So we are making Allen's Toffee the way we have always made it . . . each chewy piece as full of flavor and goodness as always. And we are sharing it alike with all our customers . . . all lovers of this superbly satisfying confection.

If . . . sometimes . . . you can't get Allen's Toffee . . . please be patient. Your share is on the way . . . and when you get it you'll enjoy it more than ever.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. and New Year's Day at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule—THURS., DEC. 23: "Stella Dallas" (1925), with Ronald Colman, Lois Moran, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. FRI. AND SUN., DEC. 24 AND 26: "Sunrise" (1927), with George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor. MON. AND TUES., DEC. 27-28: "Storm Over Asia" (1928), Russian film. WED. AND THURS., DEC. 29-30: "The Wind" (1928), with Lillian Gish. FRI. AND SAT., DEC. 31-JAN. 1: "The Last Command" (1928), with Emil Jannings and Evelyn Brent.

## CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): women to spend as many daytime hours as they can spare doing clerical work in connection with a War Council survey of volunteer workers; women to take a short lecture course in nutrition and then work about six hours a week in public markets and consumer centres, advising housewives on rationing and budgeting. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to take a short lecture course and then do clerical work on a regular schedule in Red Cross offices and information centres; women to spend as much time as they can spare making surgical dressings or sewing for servicemen and war victims. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work three days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies; women to work in an Army cafeteria several days a week from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. (For information, call RE 4-5982.) . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): women to take a six-week training course and then serve about six hours a week, during the day, as librarians in hospitals; men to take a hospital training course and then put in about six hours a week as aides in wards.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper of all kinds, scrap metal, and rags are all urgently needed. The New York Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will give you the address of a collection depot near your home. The same office will also arrange to call for discarded clothing for war victims overseas. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives. Pour whatever fat you can spare into any clean can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have accumulated about a pound, and then turn it over to your butcher, who will give you two meat-ration stamps in exchange. . . . Tin cans should be kept separate from other refuse and turned over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners who want to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park Ave., at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. At the moment there is a demand for furniture, portable phonographs, radios, playing cards, and ping pong and pool tables. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A.W.V.S. will fix them up. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments (brasses and accordions are especially needed) to be distributed by the Red Cross to Army and Navy hospitals and transport ships. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.

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# To be read before the 4TH War Loan Drive

ONE DAY SOON, someone will come to see you.*

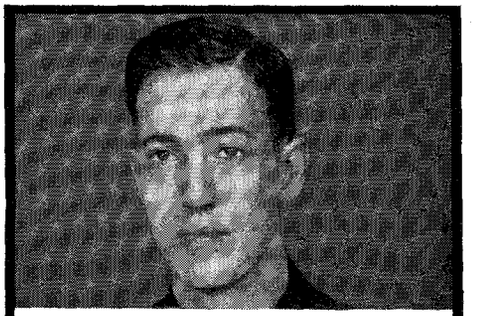
He, or she, will ask you to lend your Government at least an extra $100 this month. To put at least an extra $100, over your regular Bond buying, into War Bonds for the 4th War Loan.

Don't—*don't* say you can't afford it even though you may wonder how you're going to get that money.

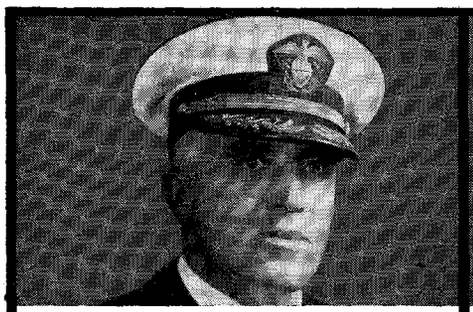
If you think that getting the money is going to be hard, why, before the doorbell rings, look at the faces of these dead countrymen of yours. Read their stories.

Then think how hard it would be to have to tell Americans like these that *other* Americans can't afford to lend *at least* an extra $100!

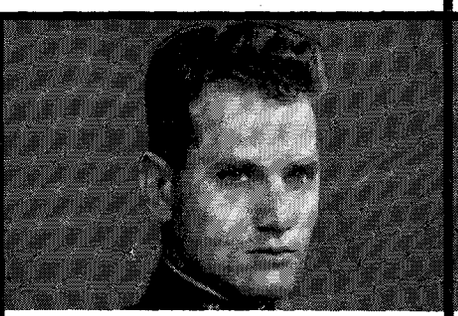
**If, by chance, you should be missed—don't think your money isn't needed! Go and buy those extra Bonds, yourself!*



**Lieutenant William G. Farrow** was one of Jimmie Doolittle's Tokio raiders. His plane made a forced landing in Japanese territory and Lieutenant Farrow is believed to be one of the American aviators who was executed by the Japanese some time later.



**Rear Admiral Daniel J. Callaghan** commanded the U.S.S. San Francisco. Driving his ship straight through the midst of a greatly superior Jap fleet, he directed operations from the deck of his flagship until blown to pieces by a Jap shell.



**Lieutenant George H. Cannon,** U.S.M.C., was mortally wounded during the Jap bombardment of Midway, Dec. 7th. He refused to be taken to a hospital till all his men had been evacuated, and as a result, he died of loss of blood.

**Lieutenant Alexander Nininger** fought his way, hand-to-hand, into the Jap lines on Bataan. Wounded 3 times, he continued to advance until he was killed. When his body was found, a Jap officer and two Jap soldiers lay dead around him.

**Seaman first class James R. Ward** was stationed in a gun turret in the Oklahoma on Dec. 7th. When the order was given to abandon ship, he stayed in his turret holding a flashlight so that the rest of the crew could see to escape. He was drowned.

**Captain Albert H. Rooks** was commanding officer of the U.S.S. Houston. Engaging an overwhelming Jap force, the Houston smashed into them and went down, guns blazing. Rooks went down with his ship.

# Keep backing the attack!

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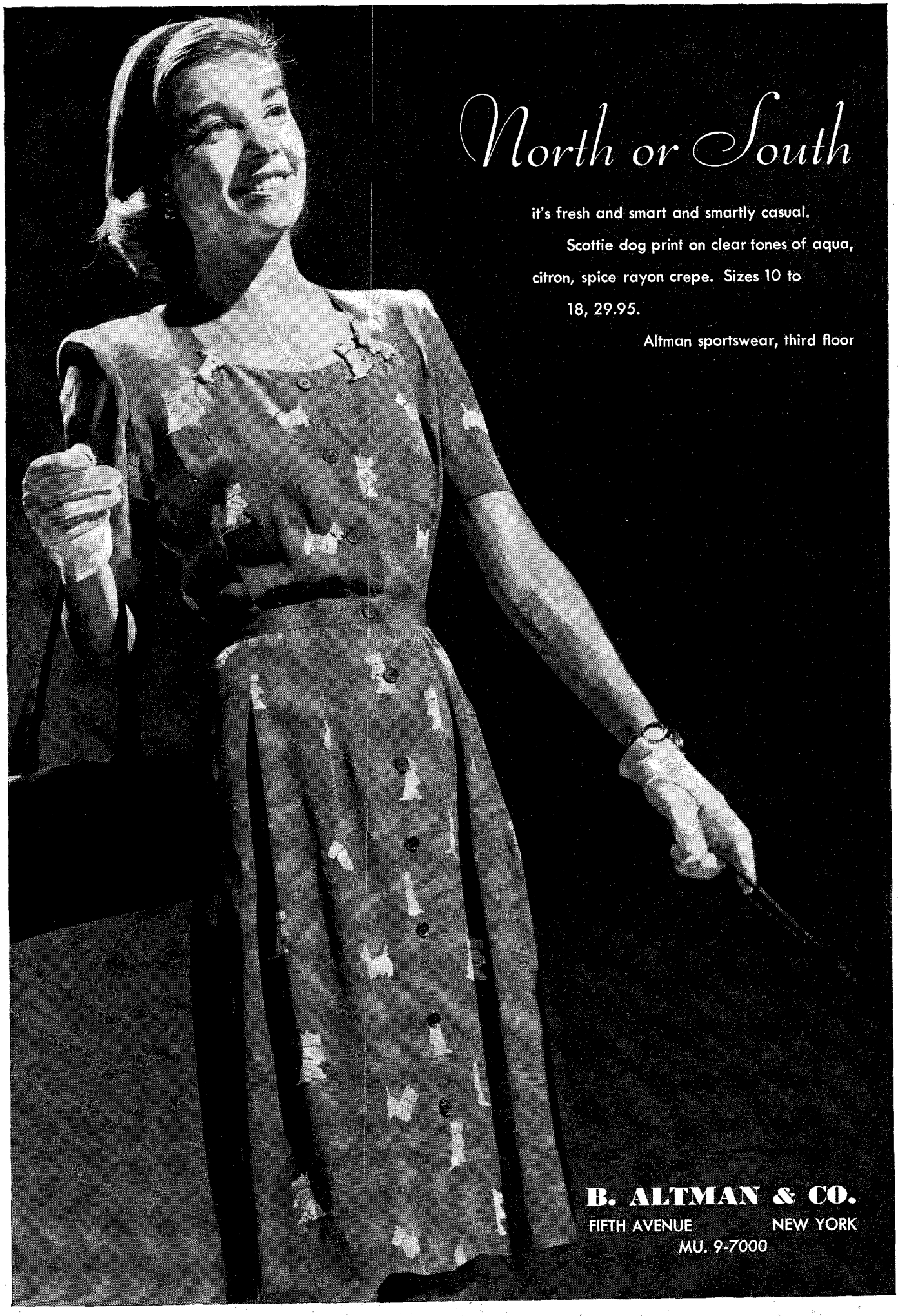
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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

*Notes and Comment*

A VISIT to one's college town, that place of premature tweed and unassimilated books, used to be the old, reliable American brand of nostalgia—nationally advertised, non-irritating, guaranteed to leave no permanent effect on the mind. We dropped in at our particular shrine during a recent business trip and found all this changed. A column of uniformed young men taking the shortest route from classroom to dining hall, across a muddy plot of ground that we remembered as springy turf, gave us the feeling that we long ago strove for at graduation and other solemn moments of our own undergraduate life, and never achieved. However, the innocent snobbery of college life, we noted, is unchanged. The town merchants have adapted themselves to the new demands of the well-dressed collegian—correct uniforms for the Army or Navy officer in the place of brogues and odd jackets, Army and Navy insignia instead of the college seal on stationery, cigarette cases, and, of course, pipes. What cheered us the most, though we can't explain exactly why, was seeing a very young ensign self-consciously adjusting his cap. It was the same gesture we remembered seeing along toward the end of the second half of the big game, when the sophomore end was sent in to earn his letter. College is still a place of attitudes as well as ideals, we realized; these young men aren't different, they are just out for a different kind of letter.

THIS is the dream we had, asleep in our chair, thinking of Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine, Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine, and of how the one great sky does for all places and all people.

After the third war was over (this was our curious dream) there was no more than a handful of people left alive, and the earth was in ruins and the ruins were horrible to behold. The people, the survivors, decided to meet to talk over their problem and to make a lasting peace, which is the customary thing to make after a long, exhausting war. There were eighty-three countries, and each country sent a delegate to the convention. One Englishman came, one Peruvian, one Ethiopian, one Frenchman, one Japanese, and so on, until every country was represented. Each delegate brought the flag of his homeland with him—each, that is, except the delegate from China. When the others asked him why he had failed to bring a flag, he said that he had discussed the matter with another Chinese survivor, an ancient and very wise man, and that between them they had concluded that they would not have any cloth flag for China any more.

"What kind of flag *do* you intend to have?" asked the delegate from Luxembourg.

The Chinese delegate blinked his eyes and produced a shoebox, from which he drew a living flower which looked very like an iris.

"What is that?" they all inquired, pleased with the sight of so delicate a symbol.

"That," said the Chinese, "is a wild flag (*Iris tectorum*). In China we have decided to adopt this flag, since it is a convenient and universal device and very beautiful and grows everywhere in the moist places of the earth for all to observe and wonder at. I propose all countries adopt it, so that it will be impossible for us to insult each other's flag."

"Can it be waved?" asked the American delegate, who wore a troubled expression and a Taft button.

The Chinese gentleman moved the flag gently to and fro. "It can be waved, yes," he answered. "But it is more interesting in repose or as the breeze stirs it."

"I see it is monocotyledonous," said the Dutch delegate, who was an amiable man.

"I don't see how a strong foreign policy can be built around a wild flag which is the same for everybody," complained the Latvian.

"It can't be," said the Chinese. "That is one of the virtues of my little flag. I should remind you that the flag was once yours, too. It is the oldest flag in the world, the original one, you might say. We are now, gentlemen, in an original condition again. There are very few of us."

The German delegate arose stiffly. "I would be a poor man indeed," he said, "did I not feel that I belonged to the master race. And for that I need a special flag, *natürlich*."

"At the moment," replied the Chinaman, "the master race, like so many other races, is suffering from the handicap of being virtually extinct. There are fewer than two hundred people left in the entire world, and we suffer from a multiplicity of banners."

The delegate from Patagonia spoke up. "I fear that the wild flag, one for all, will prove an unpopular idea."

"It will, undoubtedly," sighed the Chinese delegate. "But now that there are only a couple of hundred people on earth, even the word 'unpopular' loses most of its meaning. At this juncture

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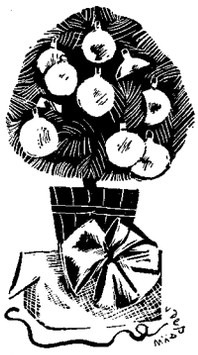
we might conceivably act in a sensible, rather than a popular, manner." And he produced eighty-two more shoeboxes and handed a wild flag to each delegate, bowing ceremoniously.

Next day the convention broke up and the delegates returned to their homes, marvelling at what they had accomplished in so short a time. And that is the end of our dream.

•

MANPOWER INTELLIGENCE: A "no experience necessary" saleslady in one of the Madison Avenue shops spent her first day punching the cash register until, late in the afternoon, it was explained to her that it wasn't necessary to ring up "No Sale" every time a customer went out without buying anything.



An optimistic lady who went to an agency to interview domestics found herself bickering with a sulky girl who wore on her bosom a celluloid badge reading "NUTS TO YOU."

## *Pedro Marches On*

ONE of the least debilitating features of our bygone World's Fair, you will probably agree, was the American Telephone & Telegraph Company's robot, Pedro the Voder, an entrancing mechanism which permitted a young lady to reproduce, or almost reproduce, human speech by manipulating a keyboard. Pedro, we learn, has not been idle since the Fair closed. His vocabulary and diction have improved, he has learned how to sing as well as speak, and he has made some two hundred appearances before audiences of scientists, industrialists, or students. In speaking thus fancifully, we are ignoring the company's Dr. Perrine, an ex-professor of electrical engineering who expounds Pedro's underlying scientific principles to the audience and acts as his stooge, and the actual operator, who may be one of a dozen young ladies but is usually Miss Anna Mae Swenson, a pretty brunette from Brooklyn who regularly works as a long-distance operator in the company's New York office. A third (or, counting Pedro, a fourth) party on all lecture trips is an electrical repairman.

When Dr. Perrine demonstrates Pedro to a scientific gathering, the title of his address is likely to be pretty weighty—for instance, "Facsimile versus the Code Philosophy in the Transmission of Speech." Roughly translated, this means sending speech as actual speech, as opposed to sending symbols which may be transformed into speech at the receiving end. The latter principle is typified by Pedro, whose mechanism produces speech by building up from the vocal fundamentals. It will be used in postwar long-distance telephony, Dr. Perrine told us. The present plans call for a telephone cable which, if straight voice transmission were used, could take only twenty calls at one time. By breaking the human voice into its component sound effects and transmitting them, the engineers can get a hundred conversations on a wire at once. The talk will be taken apart and put together again at either end of the cable by Pedro-like devices called Vocoders. To sum it up in the words of Dr. Perrine, who we frankly admit understands the subject a lot better than we do, "The Vocoders will dissect speech into its fundamental harmonic structure, transmit a code of that harmonic structure, and reconstruct it into speech at the other end."

No matter how learned the gathering, the members always display a childlike interest in Pedro's versatility. Hence Miss Swenson's peculiar value as an operator. Not only is she as nimble on the keyboard as any of the other girls, but she is good at ad-libbing. Once, when displaying Pedro before an audience at the University of Iowa, Dr. Perrine momentarily stumped her by asking her to make Pedro say "potentiometer." She fluffed it, but a moment later came out with a perfect pronunciation, and added a triumphant "So there!" It wowed 'em. For the finale, Pedro usually sings "Home on the Range" or "Love's Old Sweet Song." It was after hearing such a performance that a lady on the faculty of Wellesley told Dr. Perrine, "I own a few shares of A. T. & T., but now, after what I've seen, I wish *all* my money were in your company." In a way, it's probably the highest compliment a vocalist ever received.

## *Just Right*

OUT in Garden City, as the glorious Day drew near, a little child went into a bookshop and said that she wanted to buy a book to give her grandpa. "I want to give him a book about Roosevelt or Mr. Hopkins," she told the clerk. "A book by someone who *hates* them." The clerk, either out of ignorance or missionary zeal, gave her "U. S. Foreign Policy," by Walter Lippmann.

## *Bursting with Life*

THE last thing we want to do is steal any glory from that tree growing in Brooklyn, but we think we should advise our readers that there's a live orange tree over on Forty-second Street, between Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues, in a parking lot. We went over there last week and had a talk with the owner, Mr. Jesse Stubbs, a stooped gentleman of sixty-three with the cold-steel eyes of an old-time prospector and a voice like W. C. Fields'. Stubbs *is* an old-time prospector, we learned, who ranged for gold from Montana to the Klondike and found enough of it to leave him sitting fairly pretty. A number of years ago he retired to a friend's fruit farm near Anaheim, California, where he contemplated the beauties of nature, especially orange trees. "First time I laid my eyes on an orange tree," he told us, "I remarked to myself, 'There is nature's finest handiwork.' " In 1938 Stubbs took to brooding over the European crisis and, surrounded as he was by beauty, decided that what this broad country needed was a look at an orange tree. "I figured it might soften the impending blows of the world," he said. On June 2nd of that year he placed a fruit-bearing tree, along with several tons of soil, on a Ford truck, and started across the country. He stopped at state capitals and various other cities and allowed officials to pick an orange or two. At Dearborn, he parked on the highway near Henry Ford's estate, and Mr. Ford came out to look over the truck he had made and plucked some fruit in his customary simple, homespun manner. At the end of the tour Stubbs reached New York and stopped in the parking lot on Forty-second Street. He and the tree have been there ever since. The tree is in a homemade greenhouse, and Stubbs has become a dispatcher for a bus line that parks there. He feels that the job makes him useful these days.

We asked Stubbs to show us the tree and he led us to the rear of the lot and inside the greenhouse, which is a glass-and-wood structure about ten feet high, haphazardly hexagonal in shape. Against two of the walls are rusty radiators and in the centre is the

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tree, resting in a bed of California soil held in place by board walls. Its leaves are deep green, but right now there is no fruit. Stubbs is confident of a bumper crop next March. "Look at her!" he said, circling the tree. "Bursting with life! Bursting with life! Poor thing took cold last winter—freezing temperatures, you know. I almost lost her. Lord, what a time for *me*. Up all night keeping a stove going with kerosene. Then the steam came back into the radiators and she began to revive, and little green shoots peeped out, one by one, and suddenly she was bursting with life again, just bursting with life!" Stubbs cannot begin to estimate the number of service men and women who stop by for a look at the tree. "Makes them feel happy and confident," he said. Since taking root in New York, the tree has borne about twelve hundred oranges a year. Stubbs presents them to admirers of the tree.

In addition to installing the tree and greenhouse, Stubbs has considerably beautified the parking lot with a red, white, and blue fence along Forty-second Street. The fence is studded with wooden plaques dedicated to heroes of this war: Colin Kelly ("He died as he lived"), Meyer Levin, Carole Lombard, and others. Stubbs feels that his activities warrant permanent recording and he has written a book, which is illustrated, about the tree. So far he has only two copies of this book, which are bound in hand-tooled morocco and printed on heavy vellum paper, but two more are being turned out now by a printer in Brooklyn. After the war, Stubbs plans to start travelling again and show the book to the parents of heroes around the country. "I'm a happy man," he told us, "with my tree, my fence, and my book."

## *Eclat*

A WEARY-LOOKING barouche drawn by a matted and dispirited horse, manned by a droopy old coachman, and bearing two sailors far gone in boredom was clopping through the Park one afternoon last week when suddenly all was changed by the sight of two babes standing beside the road. "Come on, we'll take you for a ride," the sailors said. "Sure! Get in, get in!" the coachman cried, reining up and beaming all over. After the conventional giggling refusal, the babes got in, taking the only vacant seats, which faced the rear. This didn't satisfy the coachman. "*That* ain't no way," he told them. Getting down from his box, he saw to it that each girl was comfortably seated in the lap of a sailor. Then he tucked them in with a robe, sprang to his seat, and drove off, everybody looking happy except the horse.

## *Coal*

SINCE the Mayor has sounded off about the possibility of a catastrophic coal shortage this winter, you might as well know how serious it would be if the supply was cut off for any length of time—six weeks or two months, say. To sum it up as crisply as possible, almost everything would stop: no electricity, gas, or steam; no Saturday matinée of "The Doughgirls," no elevator service in the Empire State Building, no stock-market ticker at the Harvard Club. If

*"Jingle bells, jingle bells,*
*Jingle all the way;*
*Oh, what fun it is to ride*
*In a one-horse open sleigh."*

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we have scared you, be advised that, in the opinion of the Bituminous Coal Institute, there isn't going to be such a shortage. Naturally, the Bituminous Coal Institute doesn't know, or care, about whether there's going to be enough anthracite, and neither should you, if you're capable of taking the long view. Of nineteen million tons of coal annually burned up in New York, only nine million tons is anthracite, and it is used almost entirely for house heating. Say we ran out of anthracite. A lot of us would feel cold, but we could still cuddle up to an electric heater or go to a movie. If the bituminous also ran out, there'd be no electricity for the heater, and no movie.

Last year, a bit more than half of the bituminous coal consumed in the five boroughs went directly into the production of electric power—something under six million tons, to be inexact. Some enthusiastic statistician has figured out that this adds up to more than twice the amount of juice produced by the American generators at Niagara or by Boulder Dam. This same statistician, estimating the number of light bulbs in daily use hereabouts at fifty million, has concluded that if all this wattage were concentrated in one bulb, it would make a hell of a big light. The entire electric output of New York's utility companies, put into a single bulb, would theoretically light up an area equal to that of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont; this would only be a sort of moonlight, and Maine would be in total darkness, but at that it's pretty impressive. Placed in railroad cars, our annual supply of bituminous would account for a hundred and fifty thousand cars, making up a train that would stretch from here to St. Louis.

Two million tons of bituminous, together with lesser amounts of oil and coke, go into the production of illuminating gas (there are now only 5,195 dwellings in New York that depend on gas for illumination). If the bituminous coal supply were cut off, about a million and a half refrigerators (both gas and electric) would stop working, not to mention an almost uncountable number of gas stoves. Incidentally, we ran into an odd fact while talking with the gas people: about three per cent of our gas output, or two billion cubic feet, just disappears every year—can't be accounted for on the companies' books. They will concede the mechanical and human errors in meter readings probably account for some of it, but they figure that the rest just leaks out of joints in the pipe lines, of which there are fifty-nine hundred miles. However, they don't *know*.

The New York Steam Corporation uses bituminous coal. Twenty-five hundred clients buy steam, almost all of them big fellows like Radio City, hospitals, theatres, and office and apartment buildings. There are some rather enormous coal piles in New York, the biggest being Consolidated Edison's in Astoria, a forty-three-acre tract. Edison has on hand, there and in other yards, a sixty-day reserve, and has assured us that there's nothing to worry about; so did everybody else we talked with. We may get a little cold, but the metropolis isn't going to fold up.

## *Secret*

A FELLOW who recently visited his broker's offices reports that while sitting around in the board room he heard another fellow go to a telephone and, after getting his connection, say, in a low, hushed voice, "Listen, Fred, will you please tell me—*quietly*—what percentage thirty-nine thousand is of two hundred and sixty thousand?"

## *Musician 2/c*

WE'VE just talked with a member of the Navy swing outfit—led by CPO Artie Shaw—which returned recently from a year-long tour of our Pacific bases—Max Kaminsky, listed by the Navy as Kaminsky, Mus 2/c, but known to habitués of Nick's and other such hot-jazz shrines as one of the best hot-trumpet players in the world. Max is a slender, dark fellow, exactly five feet tall. A year ago last October he was playing with Joe Marsala's band at a roadhouse in Armonk when he heard that Artie Shaw, for whom he had previously worked, was recruiting musicians for a tour of some sort. "I was pretty sure I couldn't pass an ordinary physical, and this seemed about the least I could do," he told us. "I called up Artie and said, 'What's this I hear?' 'Maxie,' he said, 'how would you look in the Navy?' And that is how I am where I am today, an unrehabilitated man." The entire band was recently ordered back to this country for hospitalization, rest, and rehabilitation, but Max managed to talk his way out of going to a hospital and is now relaxing in what he obviously considers a more sensible manner, living at the Piccadilly Hotel and playing the trumpet. He played at Town Hall last Saturday in one of Eddie Condon's jazz concerts. Soon, he told us, he expects to be recalled to active duty.

Immediately after Max enlisted, he was sent over to Pier 92, the receiving centre, "on the grinder." This means marching up and down the docks in an ordinary, oom-pah Navy band while recruits listen. In about three weeks, Shaw had got together a twenty-piece outfit that included Max and a couple of other men from the old Shaw civilian band as well as representatives of such distinguished outfits as Benny Goodman's, Charlie Spivak's, Bob Chester's, and Tommy Dorsey's. They were sent to San Francisco and after a brief shakedown period of rehearsal in an old warehouse were shipped out on an itinerary that included Hawaii, New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, the Solomons, New Zealand, and Australia. Max told us that they travelled on every kind of fighting vessel but a submarine. "I think they had *that* in mind once, but the bass wouldn't slide in, or something," he said. They also made some of the sleeper jumps in Navy planes. When they travelled by plane they were airsick and when they went by water they were seasick. On the big ships Max was assigned a battle station, one time helping man the damage-control

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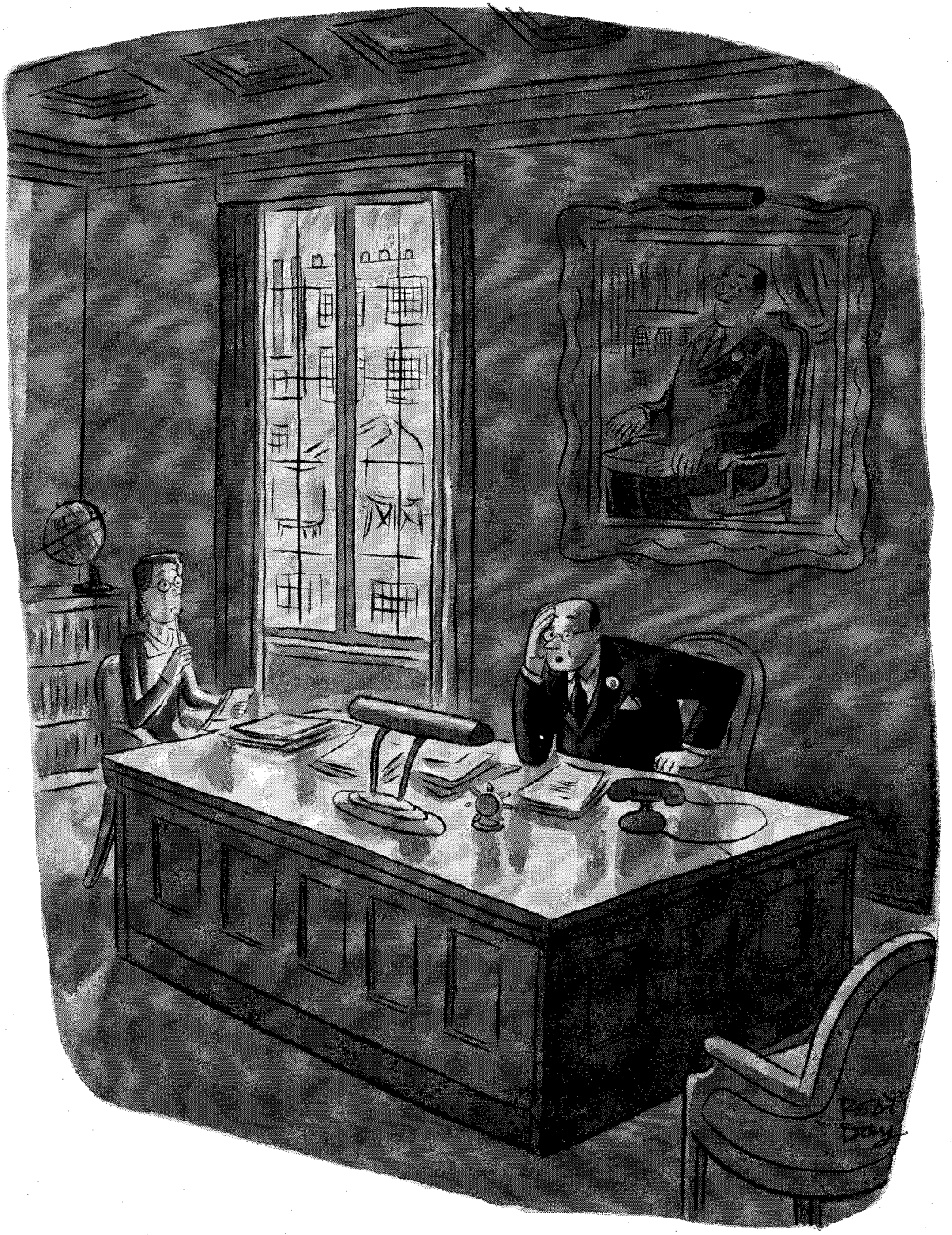
room, another time manning a twenty-millimetre gun with Dave Tough, formerly Benny Goodman's drummer. "Nearly fired it one morning, too," he said. "Probably just as well we didn't."

On arriving at a Navy base, the band would go to the hospital and entertain the wounded first. Then they'd tour the harbor in a launch, clambering up to the deck of each ship with their instruments, giving a concert, and clambering back into the launch. "There was a time I heard Dave Tough say he wished he learned piccolo instead of the drums," Max told us. "He said, 'I bet I would have been the happiest piccolo player in the world.' " After entertaining the ships' crews, the band would visit all the camps in the vicinity, playing in the open air and jumping for slit trenches whenever air-raid warnings came. At these concerts they sometimes had an audience of natives as well as soldiers. When the natives started jumping up and down as if it were Saturday morning in the Paramount Theatre, the boys knew they were in the groove. "We played for crowds all the way up to fifty thousand," Max said. "That was at some cricket track in Australia. Our smallest audience was fifteen hundred. But wait," he added, "while I tell you about playing on the Saratoga. You know at the Paramount the band comes slowly up out of the pit, playing the theme song? Well, on the Saratoga, they built us a stand topside, and they built it square on top of the piece of deck that gets lowered with planes on it. We sat there and began to play, and they pushed a button and the stand went down into the ship, and all the boys were sitting waiting down there, with their eyes out on stems. If I ever have such an exciting moment in my life again, I bet I'll lose my mind from the excitement."



*"Now, what did we make before we got all these government contracts?"*

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## *Simple*

SEEING "Peanut Butter Layer Cake" on the menu of the tearoom where she was lunching, one of our correspondents couldn't resist asking what in heaven's name that was. The waitress succinctly replied that it was layer cake made with peanut butter, whereat the patron, somewhat dashed, said that if she had just thought a moment she wouldn't have asked such a needless question. "Oh, that's O.K.," the girl said. "That's nothing to *some* of the desserts I have to explain."

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# NO MORE CRADLES

JOE MARTIN closed the door of Jodie's room and stood outside listening for a minute. He could hear Melissa fussing in her crib in the nursery down the hall, but Jodie was quiet. Joe frowned, and then, straightening his shoulders, he started down the stairs. The stairway curved down to the living room, where Libby was sitting on the couch staring at the fire. She turned her head as her husband sat down beside her. "Well, what did he say?" she asked.

"Nothing," Joe Martin answered. He took a cigarette from a glass box on the coffee table and looked around for a match.

Libby reached in the pocket of her ski pants and handed him a package of matches marked with her initials. "Here," she said. "Didn't he even say what made him do it?"

"Nope," Joe Martin said. "He said he didn't know."

Libby pushed her hair back from her forehead. "Well, he can't do things like that. He can't go around biting his sister," she said.

"I don't think he hurt her much," her husband said. "It didn't bleed or anything. I think she was just surprised."

"He left teeth marks on both sides of her finger. I wouldn't call that not hurting. It was vicious, that's what. Just plain vicious." The tears came to Libby's eyes, and she brushed them away with one hand.

"I suppose so," Joe said. "I suppose you're not going to let him go. He *wants* to go."

"He wants a lot of things that he can't have," Libby said. "Did he say anything about going? I mean, I guess he realizes he shouldn't be allowed."

Joe Martin got up and began poking at the burning lumps of cannel coal with the poker. "He's getting dressed," he said. "He was putting on his jacket. The zipper's stuck."

"I suppose he thinks a spanking wiped the whole thing out," Libby said. "It doesn't. Not for a thing like that. Biting a nine-month-old baby! A little girl! Why, she was holding out her arms to him!"

"Of course, we promised him he could go," Joe said. "And he put his boots on by himself."

"Well—" Libby pulled herself up from the couch and walked toward the stairs.

Jodie was quiet as he climbed into the front seat of the car beside his father. He sat with his hands in their mittens in his lap, his legs sticking out stiffly. The thumb on one of his mittens was too long and thin and he flicked the empty woollen tip against his palm. He had no shape in his snow suit, and the effort of bending made him pant slightly. His cap came down over his eyes, hiding them, but his cheeks shone smooth and pink in the dim light from the instrument panel. He did not ask to step on the starter, and his father, turning the key to the ignition, cleared his throat.

"Want to start the car?" he asked.

"No, thank you," Jodie answered. He stared straight ahead through the windshield, blinking a little as the car jerked and began to move.

The night air was sharp and clear, and dead leaves blew across the road. Jodie moved closer to his father. "Where is he?" he asked. "Where's Santa Claus?"

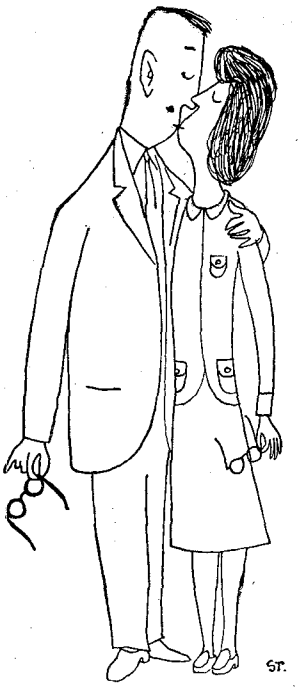
"Well, tonight he's at the American Legion Hall," Joe said. "That's so the children in this town can go and tell him what they want for Christmas. What are you going to tell him?"

"Stuff," Jodie said.

"Don't tell him that," his father said. "Stuff doesn't mean anything. Are you going to tell him how old you are?"

"Yes," Jodie said. "I'm going to tell him."

"Tell him your name," his father said. "Say it so he can hear. Say your name is Jodie Martin and that you were three years old last March."



Jodie took a deep breath. "I'll tell him I want a telephone and a army game. A jeep. Stuff."

The car swung into the Post Road and down the main street of the Connecticut town. As they neared the Green, Joe Martin took his foot off the accelerator and leaned forward to wipe his hand across the windshield. "Lots of cars here," he said. "Santa Claus is going to have quite a crowd."

Jodie turned and knelt on the seat, pressing his face to the window. "Will everybody be listening?" he asked.

"Oh, sure," his father said.

"I don't want them to. I don't want them to listen to me." His nose bumped against the glass as the car stopped.

THE American Legion Hall was a one-story building covered with clapboard and painted white. The door opened into a large room, and at the end of it there was a huge Christmas tree which the Boy Scouts had cut earlier in the week and carted to the hall. The tree was heavy with ornaments and the room smelled of hemlock and of the stronger smell of children and wool. Off the room to the right, there was a kitchen, and opposite the kitchen were two doors, one marked "Ladies" and one marked "Men." At the far end of the room was a stone fireplace, and flames and sparks from oak and blackened birch logs shot up the chimney. A line of straight chairs had been placed against the walls. These were occupied by old ladies, grandmothers, and great-aunts. Parents with older children were there, but mothers with babies had stayed at home. The children under six years stayed close to their fathers and mothers, their eyes wide and apprehensive.

Joe Martin held Jodie's hand as they came into the room. Jodie had taken off his cap and his light hair was so fine that he looked almost as though he were bald. The sight of so many people, the sound of so many voices, and the beauty of the tree made him quiver. His father slipped the mittens from his hands and closed his own hand again around one of Jodie's clenched fists.

"How's he going to get in here?" Jodie asked. "How's he going to get down the chimney? He'll get burned and the fire engines will have to come and put him out."

"Well, now," Joe Martin said, "I guess he'll have to come through the

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door." He nodded to a man who was walking toward him. "Hi, Tom."

Tom Gilbert put his hand on Jodie's head. "Hello," he said. "How are you, Jodie? I hope you've been a good boy. Only room here for good boys tonight. If you haven't been good, you'd better get going now. Santy'll be here any minute and he knows. He's got the names of all bad children marked down in a book in black ink."

Jodie stiffened. "Who tells him?" he asked.

Joe Martin laughed. "Jodie hasn't anything to worry about," he said. "Where's Tommy?"

"Oh, he's around somewhere," Tom Gilbert said. "Right in the thick of it. Better get up near the tree, Jodie. That's where Santa's going to stand."

Joe Martin leaned down and took off Jodie's coat. They moved through the crowd toward the tree. Dr. Marsden, the minister, stood beside it, a song book in his hand. "Hello, there, Joe!" he cried. "And the young feller! How's Junior?"

"I don't know," Jodie said.

"He doesn't understand," Joe explained.

Dr. Marsden ran his hand across Jodie's hair, rumpling it. "That's a

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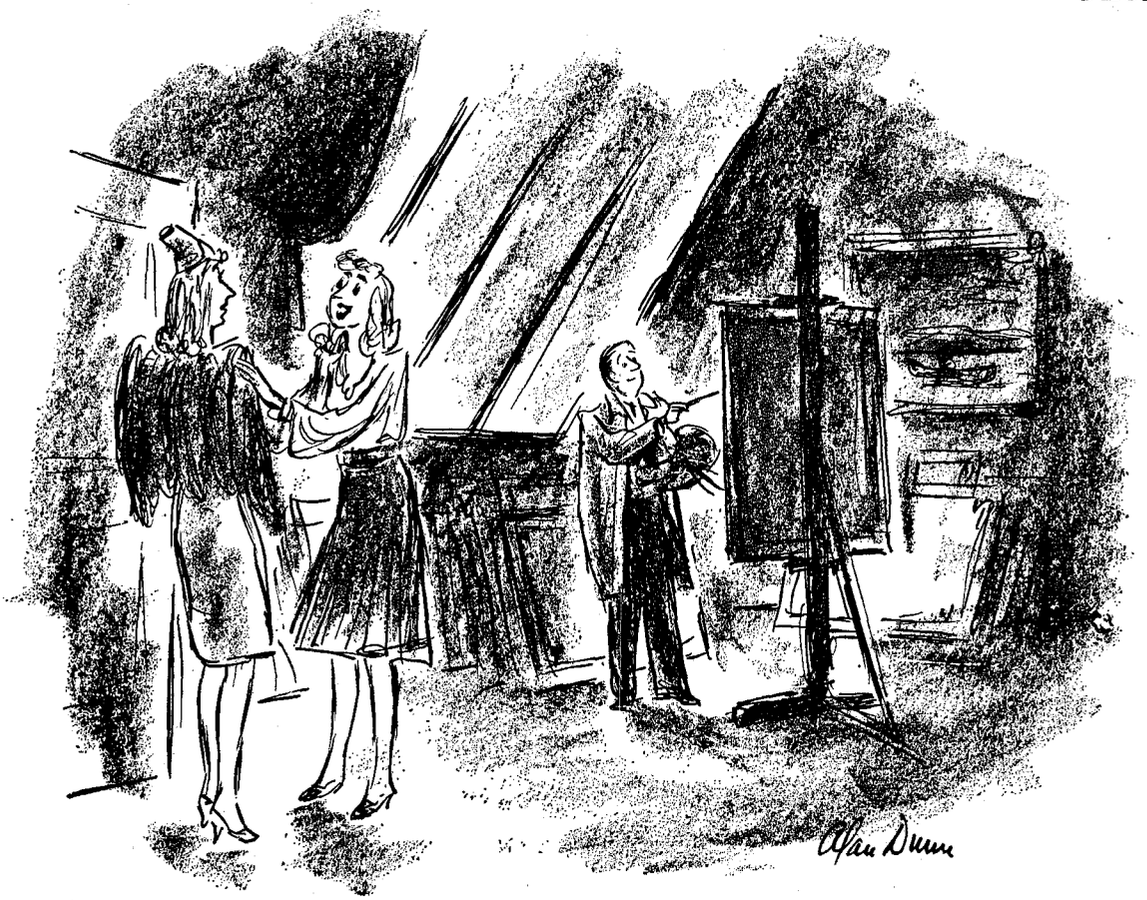

*"Isn't it marvellous! He's been discovered by the American Tobacco Company!"*

• •

good one," he said. "I take it you don't call him Junior."

"No, we don't," Joe said.

"You're just in time to join in a song," Dr. Marsden said. He shook his head and a lock of his thick brown hair fell over his forehead. It was a boyish gesture. "Yes, sir! Just in time!"

He clapped his hands together vigorously, and then, as no one seemed to hear, he put his fingers to his mouth and whistled. The talking stopped.

"Oyez! Oyez!" he cried. "Attention, please! Please! As you all know, jolly old Saint Nick will be with us any minute now, and I think we should all welcome him with a song. A song that we all know. 'Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells'! Our piano, unfortunately, is away at Ivoryton being repaired and tuned. At the Thanksgiving dinner here, something got spilled into the keyboard." His eyes twinkled merrily. "I'm not going to say what got spilled or how it happened."

He waited for the laughter, which was appreciative. "Now, then!" he called. "All together! 'Jingle Bells'!"

The grown people sang. The children moved their lips, but no sound came out of their mouths. At the end of the song, there was applause, which died abruptly as the tinkle of sleigh bells came from somewhere outside.

Jodie's mouth opened and he grew white. He dropped his father's hand and took a step forward when from the door marked "Men" a man burst into the room dressed in a Santa Claus suit, a red-and-white cap, and a false face. He stamped and shouted and, running the length of the room, he cried out, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

Little Tommy Gilbert, who had been standing almost in his path, fell to the floor screaming. Some of the children laughed nervously. Jodie caught his father's leg.

"There he is!" Joe Martin said. "There's Santa Claus. He won't hurt you."

He put his hand on Jodie's shoulder.

"He makes a lot of noise," Jodie said.

They watched Santa as he capered about the room. The children looked relieved when he stopped and stood quietly by the tree.

"All right, boys and girls!" Santa said in a curiously loud, muffled voice. "Step up and tell old Santy what you want for Christmas. Because what you want, you're going to get. Well, I should hope to tell you. Come right up! One at a time!"

Jodie looked up at his father. For a minute no child moved, and then little Lucille Bentley, who was six years old, ran to Santa Claus's side.

"You'd better go up, too," Joe Martin said to Jodie. "You'd better tell him what you want. You might mention Melissa to him, considering she's too little to be here. It would be a nice thing to do."

He gave Jodie a push and Jodie found himself separated from his father, a bright-red, round figure in a crowd of children. He walked slowly toward Santa Claus, and Joe Martin saw Santa bending toward him, saw that Jodie was speaking and that Santa was saying something back. As Jodie turned away, his father stepped toward him. "Well," he said. "That wasn't bad, was it?"

He picked Jodie up and carried him through the crowd. "What did you ask him for?"

"A drill," Jodie said. "A big power one."

"A drill? And what else?"

"Just a drill. Stuff," Jodie said. "He said he would bring it."

"He did, did he?" Joe Martin said. "I'll get him for that."

Holding tight to Jodie with one arm, he reached in his pocket, took out Jodie's cap, and put it on his head. It fell over his eyes once more. "Did you remember about Melissa?"

Jodie didn't answer for a minute. "He said he would bring me the biggest drill in the world," he said. He opened and shut his hands nervously.

They passed Tom Gilbert near the door. "Going?" Tom asked. "Aren't you going to wait and have some food?"

"Got to get him back," Joe Martin said. "Past bedtime now by about an hour."

"Well, Merry Christmas!"

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"Same to you."

The elms on the Green looked black and slim in the moonlight, and the evergreens huddled together in soft, blurred masses.

"Put me down," Jodie said. His voice was tight and barely audible.

His father put him down just in time. After a while, he pulled out his handkerchief and wiped Jodie's face. "Better?" he asked.

"Yes," Jodie said.

They walked to the car and Joe lifted him in. "You can step on the starter," he said. Jodie slid off the seat and waited until his father got in and turned the key to the ignition. Then he put his foot on the starter until the motor caught.

"That does it," his father said. He turned the car around and turned the lights dim. "Prettier that way." He opened the window and the air rushed in, cold and sweet.

"Why were Santa Claus's eyes in?" Jodie asked.

"Why were they *in?*" Joe Martin repeated.

"Did he push them in with his finger? They were *in.*" Jodie felt his own eyes.

"Well, up at the North Pole it's pretty cold," his father said. "And when he gets down here, it's too hot. So it hurts his eyes. And he pulls them *in.*"

Joe smiled and began to sing. His voice was deep and comforting, and Jodie leaned back. He sang "Jingle Bells" and then he sang "Sleep, Baby, Sleep." When he finished, he asked, "How did you like that one?"

"What kind of a song was it?"

"That's a cradle song," he said.

"What's a cradle?" Jodie asked.

Joe Martin turned off the Post Road and into the narrow street that led to his house. "A cradle," he said, "is a little bed on rockers. And babies slept in them. The mother rocked the baby in front of the fire, and the father sat and smoked his pipe, and then the baby fell asleep."

Jodie sat up straight. "Did I have a cradle?" he asked. "Did I?"

"Nope," his father said. "No one has cradles any more. They're out of style. No one has them."

"Who put them out? Who did?" Jodie slid from the seat and stood on the floor of the car, holding onto his father's trousers.

"No one person did, I guess. They just went out of style," Joe Martin said.

Jodie drew in his breath sharply and his voice was belligerent. "They shouldn't have done that," he said. "They hadn't a *right.*"

LIBBY was in the living room when they came in and Melissa was on her lap.

"It's silly," she said, "and she's so sleepy. But I thought we'd all hang up our stockings together." She nodded toward Jodie. "Did he?"

"Yes," Joe said. "But not until we got outside."

Jodie stood in the doorway and pulled off his cap. He was pale and his eyes were sharp and shining. He walked across the room to his mother and looked down at Melissa. "I want to tell her something," he said.

Libby looked at Joe and smiled. Jodie thrust his face close to Melissa's and shouted at her. "Miss Lissa," he said, "can you hear me? Can you hear me, Miss Lissa?"

The baby laughed at him.

"I saw Santa Claus, Miss Lissa," Jodie said. "When I see him again you know what I'm going to tell him? I'm going to tell him to bring you a cradle. Do you hear?"

He looked around the room and then looked at his mother and father. "That's all," he said. "You can take her away now."

His whole body sagged.

—SALLY BENSON

•

Up our sleeve, all ready to go on the market, we have another article which, when placed on the market, may be the source of substantial additional sales. We are waiting for the war to end, and the moment critical materials are obtainable, watch and see.

Then up the other sleeve, still in its embryo stage, however, progressing far better than the average four month baby does, we have what I believe, if perfected, and I see no reason why it should not be, a honey.—*From the report of the president of the Froedtert Grain & Malting Co.*

Up the third sleeve we have Robert Benchley.

*"Couldn't we take a cab? I'd be glad to pay for it."*

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# NASAL-HAPPY MAMMA, DON'T YOU TRY TO TWO-TIME ME

ONE day not long ago, idling through these very pages, I was suddenly oppressed by the characteristic shortness of breath, mingled with giddiness and general trepidation, that results whenever one gets too near an advertisement for Tabu. This exotic scent, in case you have been fortunate enough to forget it, is widely publicized as "the 'Forbidden' Perfume," which means, when all the stardust is sluiced away, that it is forbidden to anyone who doesn't have $18.50 for an ounce of it. The language used to describe Tabu is a chutney compounded of Pierre Loti and the Symbolist poets, so fiery that it sets every nerve aquiver, particularly those controlling the process of regurgitation. "Tabu," pants the copywriter, "a sultry, heady, lid-lowering fragrance that has whispered its way around the globe . . . intriguing as a suppressed book . . . exciting as a locked door . . . heady, sultry, confusing . . . smoulders for weeks on your gowns or furs, becoming more and more tantalizing all the while. In fact," he sniggers, leaning forward until his eyes become mere slits in his unattractive face, "until recently, Tabu came secretly from Abroad." This tender confidence appears to me romantic but somewhat unguarded; when I was a débutante, the United States Customs had pronounced views about smuggling contraband in your girdle.

The rhapsodic text of the advertisement, however, is mere frosting for its art work, which I assume is an attempt to crystallize the elusive quality of Tabu. Two citizens in evening dress, engaged in a refined musicale, have apparently experienced a common libidinal drive and fused in a fierce embrace before a piano. The ardor of the pair is well-nigh volcanic. The gentleman's hair cascades down his forehead and he holds a violin at arm's length as though to pulverize it in his fingers; the lady, her wrists trailing the piano keys, is bent backward in an arc recalling the Camel Walk of 1922. It seems a pity that the Tabu people, while they were so busy inflaming the senses, could not have provided some slight clue to a glamorous situation. What provoked it? Had a drop of the sultry, lid-lowering essence whispered its way around the young woman's corsage, ultimately driving her cavalier to distraction? Or is the caress itself taboo for some undisclosed reason? In fine, I resent being teased by a pack of upstart perfumers. They play the coquette in the taxicab and, once in the foyer, twist out of my grasp with a casual "Well, call me up soon, won't you, dear boy?"

IN an effort to reduce my blood pressure, but always retaining a spirit of stern scientific inquiry, I submit the following a-priori explanation of the circumstances. Anyone interested in the amateur rights of this harlequinade, for production at schools and churches, should have his head examined.

[*Scene: A suburban living room on the Main Line. As the curtain rises, Mavis Huntoon, thirty-three and disillusioned, sits at her Bechstein playing a Chopin étude. Robin Huntoon, a stolid, unimaginative man of forty who lives only for hardware, is seated in a Sleepy Hollow chair fondling some screws and hinges. After a moment, Mavis rises restlessly and moves to the French windows at rear.*]

MAVIS (*wistfully*): It's raining again.

ROBIN: Forty-five thousand, three hundred and eleven . . . forty-five thousand, three hundred and twelve . . .

MAVIS: What are you doing?

ROBIN: I'm counting my money. (*With an involuntary shudder of disgust, Mavis picks up a limp-leather volume.*)

MAVIS (*reading*):

O swallow, sister, O fleeting swallow,
My heart in me is a molten ember
And over my head the waves have met.

ROBIN: Hot spit. What's that?

*"Would it tie up the Army very much if I went to Hot Springs?"*

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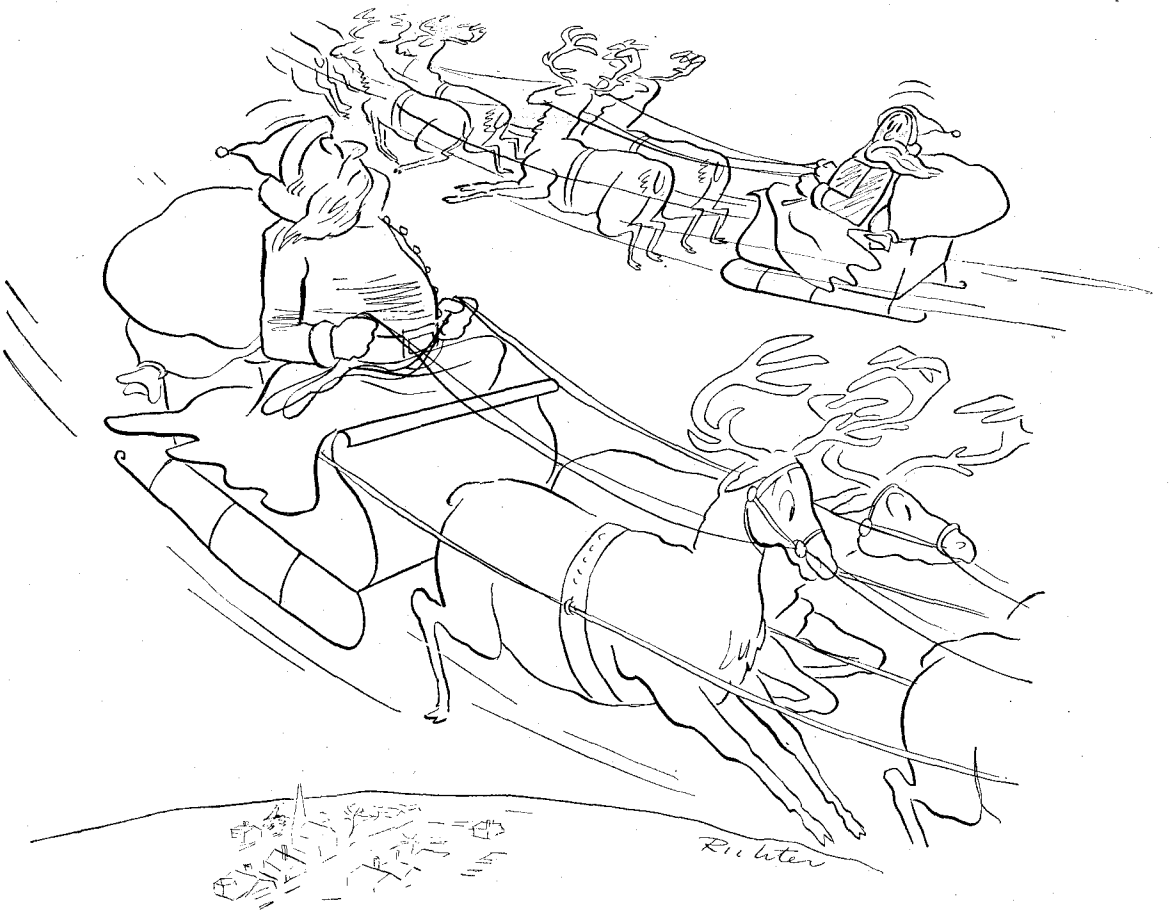

MAVIS (*wearily*): You wouldn't understand. It's Swinburne.

ROBIN: Swinburne? I knew a Nate Swinburne once. He ran a hardware store in Moosup, Connecticut. . . . Why, what's the matter?

MAVIS (*with a strangled sob*): I can't stand it! I'm stifling here!

ROBIN: It *is* kind of close, now you mention it. I'll open a window.

MAVIS (*coming up close to him*): Robin, don't you notice anything different about me?

ROBIN (*sniffing*): Hm-m-m. Why, yes, you've got a funny smell.

MAVIS: Don't you find me heady, sultry, confusing?

ROBIN: No. (*Critically*) But you've put on a lot of weight lately.

MAVIS: Have I?

ROBIN: You certainly have. You're as big as a house. And your slip is showing.

MAVIS: I'm not wearing a slip.

ROBIN: Well, it would show if you were.

MAVIS: Anything else?

ROBIN: Maybe I shouldn't call attention to it.

MAVIS: No, no, darling. By all means call attention to it.

ROBIN: You're getting wrinkles under the eyes. And a scraggly neck, like a turkey.

MAVIS: Not much gets past you, does it?

ROBIN (*comfortably*): They got to get up pretty early in the morning to fool old Robin Huntoon.

MAVIS: Well, look again. You've missed something.

ROBIN (*starting*): Why, you're holding a little gun.

MAVIS: Aha. And now I pull back this gadget on top.

ROBIN: What are you doing that for?

MAVIS: We call it "fanning back the hammer." (*She drills Robin neatly between the eyes. As she breaks the breech and thoughtfully extracts the shell, the doorbell sounds. With a moue of distaste, Mavis takes Robin by the necktie and rolls him behind the davenport. Then, applying a hint of Tabu to her lobes, she crosses to the door. Locksley Mendoza enters, wrapped in an Inverness cape. His handsome face is lean, coolly ironic, bronzed by tropical suns. As Mavis moves wordlessly to her Bechstein, Mendoza whips out a priceless Amati from its case and they launch into Jocelyn's "Berceuse." Suddenly a harsh oath escapes his lips; he drops the bow, seizes Mavis in a grip of wool.*)

MENDOZA: *Sapristi!* You turn a man's bones to water inside his skin, you she-devil.

MAVIS (*struggling*): Oh, my very dear, you can't—you mustn't. It is "taboo."

MENDOZA: "Taboo"? When two people are loving each other until the seams are coming apart in the clothes, it is "taboo"?

MAVIS: No, no, it cannot be.

MENDOZA (*hoarsely*): I tell you the blood is boiling in my veins! You are a candy store filled with luscious nougats, a henhouse from which the pullets have yet to be stolen!

MAVIS: Promise me one thing. Whatever happens—whatever they should tell you about me—we'll always have this moment together.

MENDOZA: *Parbleu!* Do you think I am a milksap, that you can put me off with your bobbery? What stands between us—this man's foot sticking out from behind the davenport?

MAVIS: Of course not. It's—well—it's that you're not the man I thought you were. Who are you, anyway?

MENDOZA (*simply*): The exterminator.

MAVIS: Then why the violin?

MENDOZA: Just an attention-getter. Nowadays you got to dramatize yourself. (*Extracting a pasteboard box*) Can I interest you in our new brand of roach powder? It's a ripsnorter.

MAVIS (*sadly*): I think not. After all, *mon vieux*, in a sense we're competitors.

MENDOZA: But how?

MAVIS (*gently*): You see, darling, I'm something of an exterminator myself. (*As she produces her heater and fans back the hammer a second time*)

CURTAIN

—S. J. PERELMAN

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Sugar—Book one stamp 14 good god five pounds through October.—*From the Charleston (W. Va.) Daily Mail.*

Stop grumbling, there's a war on!

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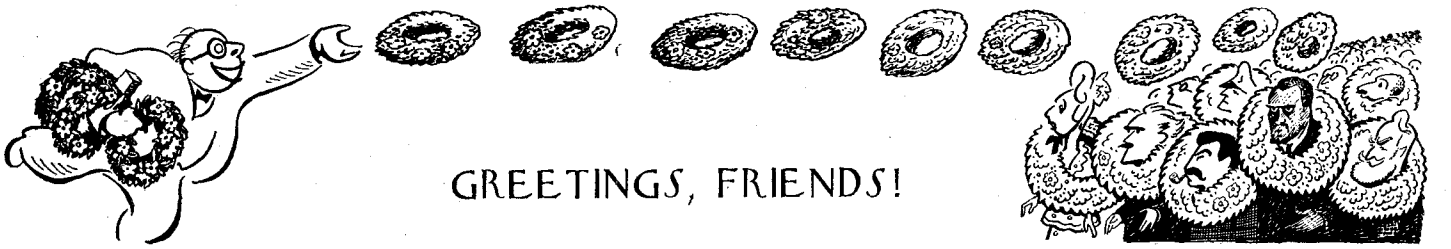

# GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Greetings, friends! By *friends* I mean
Every soldier, gob, Marine,
Every Wave and every Wac
From here to India and back.
Wherever you are, whatever your rank,
A Christmas benison on you, Yank.
A fond, reverberant Yule huzza
For Gracie Fields and Bernard Shaw,
Jo Davidson, Effie Shannon,
Fordham's Father Robert Gannon,
Marta Eggerth, Melville Cooper,
Governor B. B. Hickenlooper,
Senators Burton, Hatch, and Hill,
Francis Brown and Michael Quill,
Gilbert Loveland, Nigel Bruce,
Jerry Berns, Anita Loos,
Roland Winters, Fanny Brice,
Elsa Lang and Byron Price.
Peace to the future nominee
Of the convalescent G.O.P.
MacArthur, Wendell, Tom, next fall?
Or Stassen, perhaps? Or Saltonstall?
It will, in spite of the *Daily News*,
Be tough to fill the Old Man's shoes—
Unless, perchance, refusing the shelf,
The Old Man chooses to fill them himself.
A Christmas cheer for Lou Costello,
Piatigorsky and his 'cello,
Paul Robeson and "Othello,"
Contralto Katie and her Jello,
And a case of thoroughly mickeyed rye
For Bertie McCormick and Gerald Nye.
Dig me, waits! Come! Yululate
For Rosalind Russell and Walter Pate,
Katharine Bryan, Paul Lukas,
Mary Morris, Dorothy Ducas,
Mary Margaret McBride,
Fred Astaire and O. Z. Ide.
A case of Scotch as Twelfth Night solace
For that peerless jurist, James G. Wallace;
Another case for Barney Ross,
Bill Jantzen and Captain Foss,
Meyer Berger, Beau Jack,
Sergeant Baker's "Sad Sack,"
Claudia Morgan, Kurt Weill,
Beatrice Kaufman, Ernie Pyle,
Adams, Kieran, Clifton, Dan,
Doubleday Doran and Coward-McCann;
Vandercook and Kaltenborn,
Harry James and Lena Horne.
Peace to amateur postwar planners,
Politicians, Roosevelt panners,
Russia haters, British baiters,
Phony experts and commentators,
Architects of rum ideas,
Sponsors of daffy panaceas,
Charlatans, axe-grinding schemers,
Agitators and wacky dreamers—
Pray don't wait for the war to cease;
Go to it now, boys! Wage the peace;
Punch your brothers, punch with care;
Knock their teeth out and pull their hair!
Peace to George and Frieda Slosson,
Julia Cuddihy, Mitch Rawson,
Frank Fay, Sammy Kaye,
Dr. Alphonse R. Dochez,
General Devers, Mary Martin,
General Eaker, Jimmy Barton,
Jack Pulaski, Abel Green,
Walter Wagner, Mildred Creen,
Serkin, Schnabel, Horowitz,
Jascha, Toscha, Sascha, Fritz,
Bob Kriendler, David Seegal,
And Cordell Hull, the strong old eagle.

Let carols fill the frosty air
By Ginny Simms and Charlie Blair,
Ferris Greenslet, Leo Crowley,
Betty Grable, Malcolm Cowley,
Lyn Murray, Hildegarde,
Herbert Gaston, Ralph A. Bard,
Uncle Joe Stilwell, Cummings Hunt,
Alfred Hitchcock, Alfred Lunt,
Dr. Gangolf Delabar,
Miss de Havilland, Miss Lamarr,
Bea Wain, Flo MacBain,
Jerry Voorhis, Arthur Train,
Wallace Morgan, Chester Bowles,
Frances Douglas, Gardner Cowles.
A cozy Christmas, kind and couth,
For Margalo Gillmore, Shirley Booth,
Papa Sardi, Renée Carroll,
Ouspenskaya, Frank Farrell,
John O'Reilly, Milton Bracker,
Captain Gable, George Backer,
Howard Savage, Jane Froman,
Carlo Sforza, the noble Roman,
Senator Ford and Toscanini,
Boston's valiant Frances Sweeney,
Sidney Skolsky, Albert Hackett,
Nunnally Johnson, Charlie Brackett,
Kelcey Allen, Joseph Stalin,
Omar Bradley, Dot Kilgallen,
General Nikolai Vatutin,
Frick and Frack, and John Van Druten,
Ned Wever, Joyce van Patten,
Celeste Holm and Lord Mountbatten.
Peace to Senator Joseph Ball!
Peace, in short, my loves, to you all!
And, friends, a toast—The End of the War,
And an Allied V, in Forty-four!

—FRANK SULLIVAN

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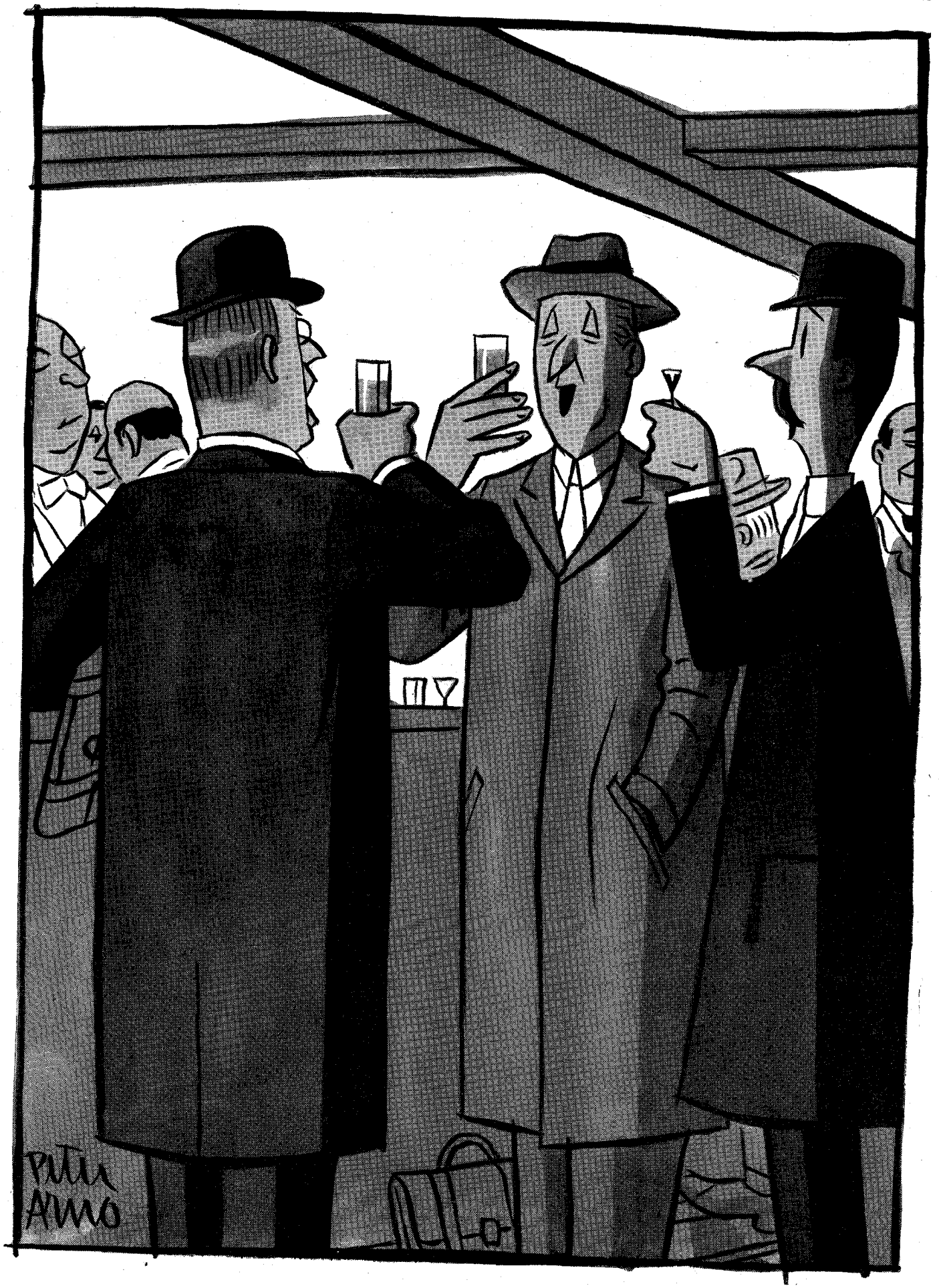

*"Here's to dear old Pomfret—drink 'er down, drink 'er down!"*

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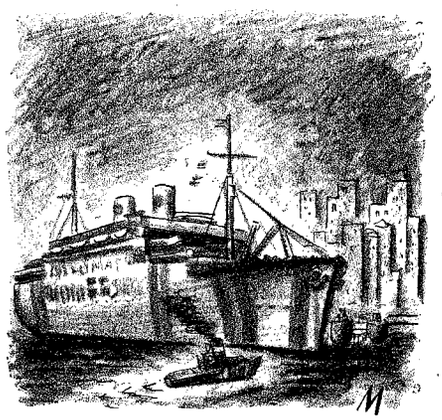

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## HOMEWARD

### II—THE GRIPSHOLM

THE Gripsholm, an exchange ship loaded down with Japanese repatriates from America, steamed dramatically into our port in Goa, in Portuguese India, on a lovely, windy day. The deck of a second exchange ship, the Teia Maru, on which fifteen hundred of us American and Canadian repatriates stood closely packed, was as noisy as a monkey cage until the Gripsholm drew alongside where we were docked. Then we all fell silent. We stared over at our Japanese opposite numbers. The Japs, crowded along the rail, stared back at us, then suddenly burst into song. They were tall Japs, fat Japs, well-dressed Japs, and even at that distance they were redolent, somehow, of expensive leather luggage. We were refugees from Japan and Japanese-occupied territory—skinny Americans, shabby Americans, brown-paper-parcel Americans, in a peculiarly chastened frame of mind. We were dried out and grimy, on a filthy little ship. The Japs, standing on the bright, clean Gripsholm, sang loudly. We stood silent.

That night and the next, while we and the Japanese waited to change ships, were hot and uncomfortable. On the second night, the eve of our exchange, a friend of mine went up on deck just before twelve to take his bedtime walk and found his way blocked by four missionary ladies in kimonos. They were earnestly and busily cleaning up, in a private effort to leave the ship in good condition for the Japs. They were scrubbing the dirty deck, throwing bottles overboard, and rubbing from the walls innocent jokes which had been scribbled in chalk. A few Japanese stewards stood nearby and laughed with complete sincerity. What saved the four ladies from certain death at the hands of some of the rest of us aboard was our excitement over the impending exchange. Next morning, the exchange itself, that short but all-important walk between ships, was a tense affair. We had been cautioned by our ship's self-appointed Committee, as it called itself, to comport ourselves in a dignified manner befitting free citizens. The Japanese went farther than we did and had a ceremony. A Baron Hayashi, a Japanese who had come out with us to meet the Gripsholm, went aboard her to pick up a sacred portrait of the Emperor (every portrait of him is sacred) which his compatriots had brought with them and we could see all sorts of people, dressed in white, bowing to the Baron when he arrived on deck. Then the Baron returned to the Teia Maru, Emperor in hand, and after that the Japs came aboard in clusters—neat, small women in American hats, bewildered children, able-bodied men mopping their brows. They didn't look like my Hong Kong sort of Japanese at all, I decided. Then suddenly it was time to shoulder my two-year-old daughter, Carola, and to take a walk myself. Down the gangplank, along the dock under the bright sun, up the Gripsholm gangplank—it was as simple as that. In five minutes, after almost two years, we had become free Americans.

A disorderly welter of free Americans, we stumbled in a daze to the top decks, where we were to wait until the interior of the ship had been cleaned up. We passed the day outdoors, giddily. It was a day crowded with food—chocolate, orange juice, tomato juice, and, as a climax, *real* food, in the form of buffet lunch. When this appeared, a loud cry went up. A smiling blond Swedish steward carried a roast turkey along the deck, and the missionaries started to sing "Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow." Hundreds of passengers wept. The children stared, their mouths hanging open. The sun beat down on glittering tables of *smörgåsbord*. Over on the Teia Maru, now, there was silence.

THAT night, the last in port for the Teia Maru, all of her passengers and all of us were permitted to stroll freely on the dock. We mixed with the Japanese, walking about in the warm air, but there was not much social conversation. Here and there missionaries scraped an acquaintance with some of the Japanese, and one American girl met an old Japanese friend from Oberlin. I noticed one extraordinarily pretty Japanese girl surrounded by men from our ship. She wore slacks, wedge heels, a sports shirt, and a bandanna around her head. The Teia Maru belle must have been horrified when she found out about the costume the modern girl in Japan now wears—an old-fashioned shirtwaist and a garment that looks like ski pants. She had a proud little way, too, of carrying her head; she would have to change that, too. Alongside the Gripsholm a lot of Japanese cuties had gathered to say goodbye to their favorite members of the crew. There were squeals and giggles from the group, and shrill girlish voices cried, "Oh, Googoo Eyes! Googoo Eyes!" That, it seems, was their name for their pet steward. The stewards told me later that some of them Yaps weren't so bad.

Next morning the Japs sailed away, singing again. A few of our indefatigable missionaries waved them off and wept. The Gripsholm sailed the day after.

THE Gripsholm was different from the Teia Maru, very different. There was room at last for our egos to spread out, and almost immediately people who had been lamblike under oppression began to get aggressive. "I'm not used to travelling in conditions like this!" indignant ladies shouted, demanding nicer cabins. Some people even said that they had been better off on the Teia Maru. We all looked different, too. There was a hairdresser aboard, and a little shop where you could buy shoes and slacks and such things. Most of the women had been indistinguishably grubby aboard the Teia Maru. The only really smart one was, inevitably, a retired madam from North China. How she did it I don't know, but she was always trim and coiffed and even clean. Now we were nearly all clean. At first we were allowed to have a modest amount of laundry done, but before long the ship's laundry refused to accept any more work at all. The passengers, however, were granted the use of two irons and two boards in the laundry. So, for a while, as long as we felt ambitious, we women rolled up in towels the clothes we had washed in our rooms and stood in the laundry queue, waiting. Once I waited two

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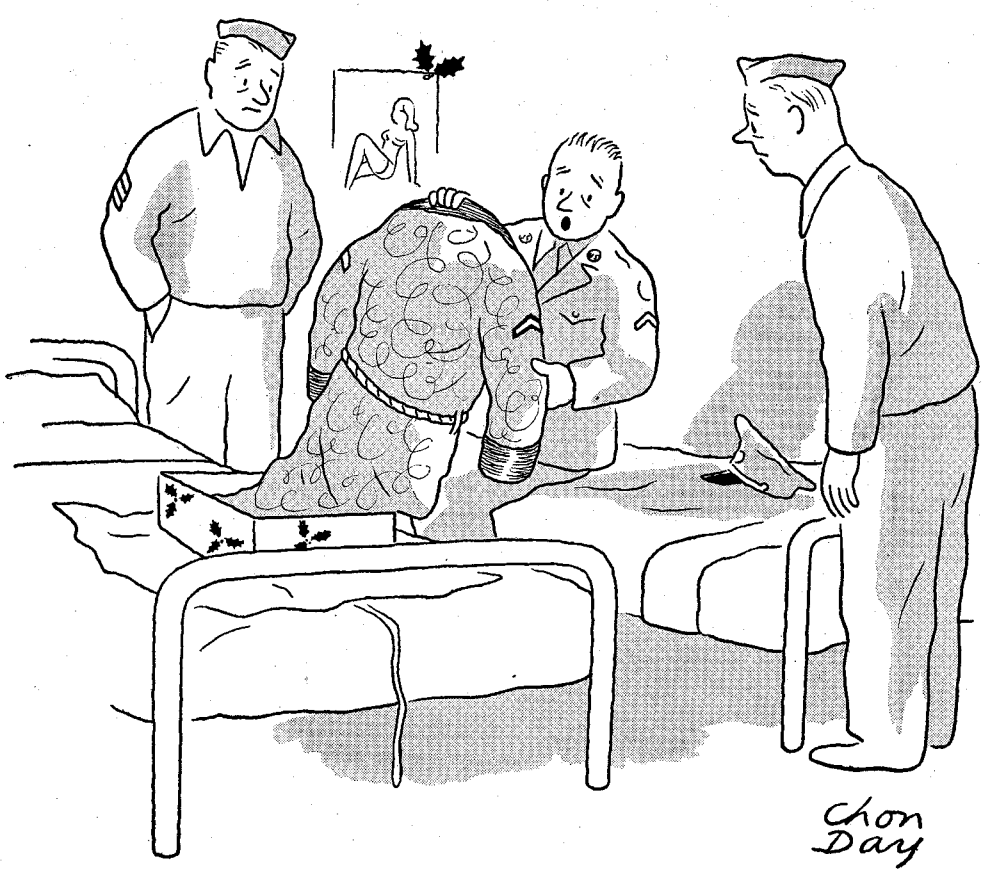
hours while a lady missionary from Shanghai put the finishing touches on eight voile dresses. In the innocent hope that she might be made to hustle, I began to complain loudly about her, and the woman who stood behind me agreed. "But she irons beautiful, just the same," she said wistfully. The Shanghai missionary continued doggedly at her job. First a pink dress with an apron effect, then a flowered voile that looked rather like a tent, and then a mauve number. With great deliberation, she hung these up one by one and went back to work, humming. I finally got to the ironing board, but after that Carola and I just went unpressed. The diplomats' wives looked much smarter than other women. Maybe they had a lot of clothes to begin with. Anyway, the rest of us resented them, and a banker's wife who had always been a perfect lady stopped me in the corridor one day with a new and very cattish expression on her face. "You know that diplomat's wife with all the good-looking clothes?" she said. "Well, she says that none of the women on this boat know how to dress." Then she padded off down the corridor, spreading the word.

It took only two days for most of the passengers to lose their drawn, anxious expressions, but for days after that they were still talking about food. No one could seem to get used to the idea that there was plenty more where that came from. Take butter, for example. At my table of six, we had a large square of beautiful yellow butter at every meal. Now, if we had finished it, we could have called for more, but there was a man with us who never could grasp that. It happens that I don't eat butter. This was a great comfort to him. He always asked me anxiously if I was sure I didn't want my share and then grabbed it. He put butter on everything, even cake. What he couldn't eat on the spot he carried off to his cabin on sandwiches. Even after a week, he still looked guilty about it.

Then there was Gert. Gert sat next to me at table. She was one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen, except when she started talking. All Gert had in her lovely head was her stomach. She would lean toward me and begin talking in a low, well-modulated voice. "I can never drink coffee," she'd say. "It's a funny thing, but I've never been able to drink coffee. If I have a cup at breakfast, I won't be able to sleep a wink that night, not a wink. I was telling the doctor yesterday, I said, 'I can't drink coffee, even at breakfast, because if I do I can't sleep at all that night,' and he said, 'I don't believe it. That isn't possible, that a cup of coffee at breakfast will keep you from sleeping at night.' But it's true—I just can't drink coffee." The steward would serve the entrée. "Funny thing," Gert would say. "I used to love meat. It's a fact. If I came to the table and there wasn't any meat with the rice, the way there wasn't in Hong Kong, I just went upstairs and wouldn't eat my dinner at all. Now I don't care for meat. Only a little sometimes. I like fish better. Funny." This went on and on and on. Everybody was like that to some extent, but no one else could touch Gert. Of course, we didn't all concentrate on food. There was, for instance, the man who burst into tears of joy when he found that the gentlemen's room had unlimited soap and towels.

WE had been wallowing in Swedish luxury only a little more than a week when I became aware of a new mental disease that manifested itself throughout our bourgeoisie. It was a sort of megalomania and it mainly attacked businessmen. Diplomats were perhaps not so much immune as already megalomaniac, so I didn't notice it so much in them. Most of the diplomats had been left pretty much alone by the Japs, and even though they had not been very well fed, they had still been kept happy where it matters most, in the vanity. The businessmen, though, had suddenly been plunged into internment and then, almost as suddenly, had been taken out again. It seems to have been too much for a few of them. When I saw some of my old friends from the Philippines, as the Teia Maru picked them up, I said to myself, "Good heavens, but this war has actually been good for them! They're much nicer now. They've got over ordering everybody around. They know how to do their own washing and everything. They'll be adjusted to America. I wonder if I'm also much nicer than I used to be."

After the first week on the Gripsholm, I changed my mind. Some of the businessmen had had cables from the home office arranging to have money waiting for them at our next port, and all of them had received encouraging words and promises of a lot of welcome petting. The effect was immediate and dismaying. One magnate swelled up to such terrific proportions that you couldn't get away from him anywhere on the ship. It began with deck chairs. He hired not one but two, on the better side of the promenade deck. Then he




*"Oh dear!"*

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hired another one next to them. Then he hired two more on the other side of the deck, so that he would have a chair to fall into no matter which side he happened to be on. He had brought aboard a lot of wine from the Teia Maru and he had his favorite table in the bar, too. Also, he decided to get himself a better cabin than the one he had been assigned to, and he went around waving money at people and asking them to switch with him. After a while he began hiring people. He wasn't the only one to do that. In fact, I thought that he restrained himself fairly well. He merely hired one small boy to run errands, a colored gentleman who had played in a Shanghai orchestra to carry his drinks from the bar to his deck chair, and a secretary to take down whatever letters he felt called upon to dictate. There was also the case of the young woman who had a small child and hired three girls to look after it. I considered that excessive.

THE dozen or so raffish no-goods known to us well-behaved passengers as the Dead End Kids were not much in evidence during the early days on the Gripsholm. They had, because of their hell-raising, made themselves felt on the Teia Maru far out of proportion to their number, but on the Gripsholm they began by keeping out of sight. The Dead Enders, mostly merchant seamen and small-time gamblers by profession, seemed to be abashed by the luxury of their new surroundings. Most of them were half naked, for they had sold a lot of their clothes to the stewards aboard the Teia Maru to buy liquor, and they felt self-conscious about appearing on deck. Bill, an antisocial fellow with a fairly famous inferiority complex, had been confined in the Gripsholm brig almost as soon as he had boarded the ship; he had settled down there and was reported to have said that he had never been more comfortable in his life. He had a private bathroom and everything he wanted to read. Johnny, the Dead Ender with American Indian blood, became one of our shining social lights aboard the Gripsholm. He bought some green slacks, green suède shoes, and green socks, and, except on the rare occasions when he was very drunk, he could usually be found up on the promenade deck playing ping-pong or dancing with nice young ladies. He was even caught carrying a deck chair around for an old lady.

Most of these once desperate characters were assigned by the Committee to a row of cabins down below, where they were able to disturb only themselves. One of the Japanese on the voyage out to Goa had, it was firmly believed by all the Dead Enders, committed hara-kiri in Johnny's cabin. Johnny swore that you could see the bloodstains on the floor. Because of this, the corridor was called Blood Alley. Their steward just gave up cleaning one of the cabins, which had become a sort of unofficial Dead End headquarters, and left it to the boys' erratic notions of order. The boys themselves sometimes complained of the noise along Blood Alley and of how hard it was to sleep. Sammy was particularly bitter, because he had a lot of sleeping to do—more than anybody else. "All these months," he said once, "I been dreamin' about how good it would be to flake out [lie down] in my kip and eat a Hershey bar and then just snooze. Now, every time I try to snooze, it's like I'm in a boiler factory." Just the same, Sammy put on weight. The Dead Enders all put on weight and expanded with alarming speed. Steve got a job helping out at the bar, where the distracted steward was quite unequal to the rush. Some of the others took on the task of carrying cases of oranges and beer and liquor up to the bar in the morning, in return for which they were each given a bottle or two of beer laced with rye. The chief reason this reward attracted the Dead Enders was that it enabled them to drink beer at nine in the morning, two full hours before the general public was allowed to buy anything. It gave them a sense of superiority. When work was done, they concentrated for the rest of the day on their social life, which for the moment was bound up in the ramifications of Tommy's marriage.

Tommy was one of the Dead Enders, a seaman, and Tommy's bride was a yellow-haired lady known, confusingly, as either Dixie, Peggy, or Nora. They had started the marriage, possibly as a sort of grim, desperate joke, one dull afternoon. First they asked the captain to perform the ceremony, but he said they had better go away and stop bothering him. Then they went below to one of the dining saloons and persuaded an obscure ex-missionary to perform the ceremony. I am sorry I missed it. The reason I did was that I, like almost everyone else, doubted that it would take place. It was evidently a complicated, noisy affair, which ended with Bob's pitching the Bible through a porthole, and Dixie and Tommy weren't quite sure that it was legal until the ex-missionary gave them a paper signed by witnesses. Peggy (or Dixie, or Nora) lived down in Blood Alley after that, and the passengers on the upper decks expressed their opinions according to their natures.

The wedding fascinated every group

## CHRISTMAS EVE

(Australia, 1943)

The wind blows hot. English and foreign birds
And insects different as their fish excite
The would-be calm. The usual flocks and herds
Parade in permanent quiet out of sight,
And there one crystal like a grain of light
Sticks in the crucible of day and cools.
A cloud burnt to a crisp at some great height
Sips at the dark condensing in deep pools.

I smoke and read my Bible and chew gum,
Thinking of Christ and Christmas of last year,
And what those quizzical soldiers standing near
Ask of the war and Christmases to come,
And, sick of causes and the tremendous blame,
Curse lightly and pronounce Your serious name.

—Karl J. Shapiro

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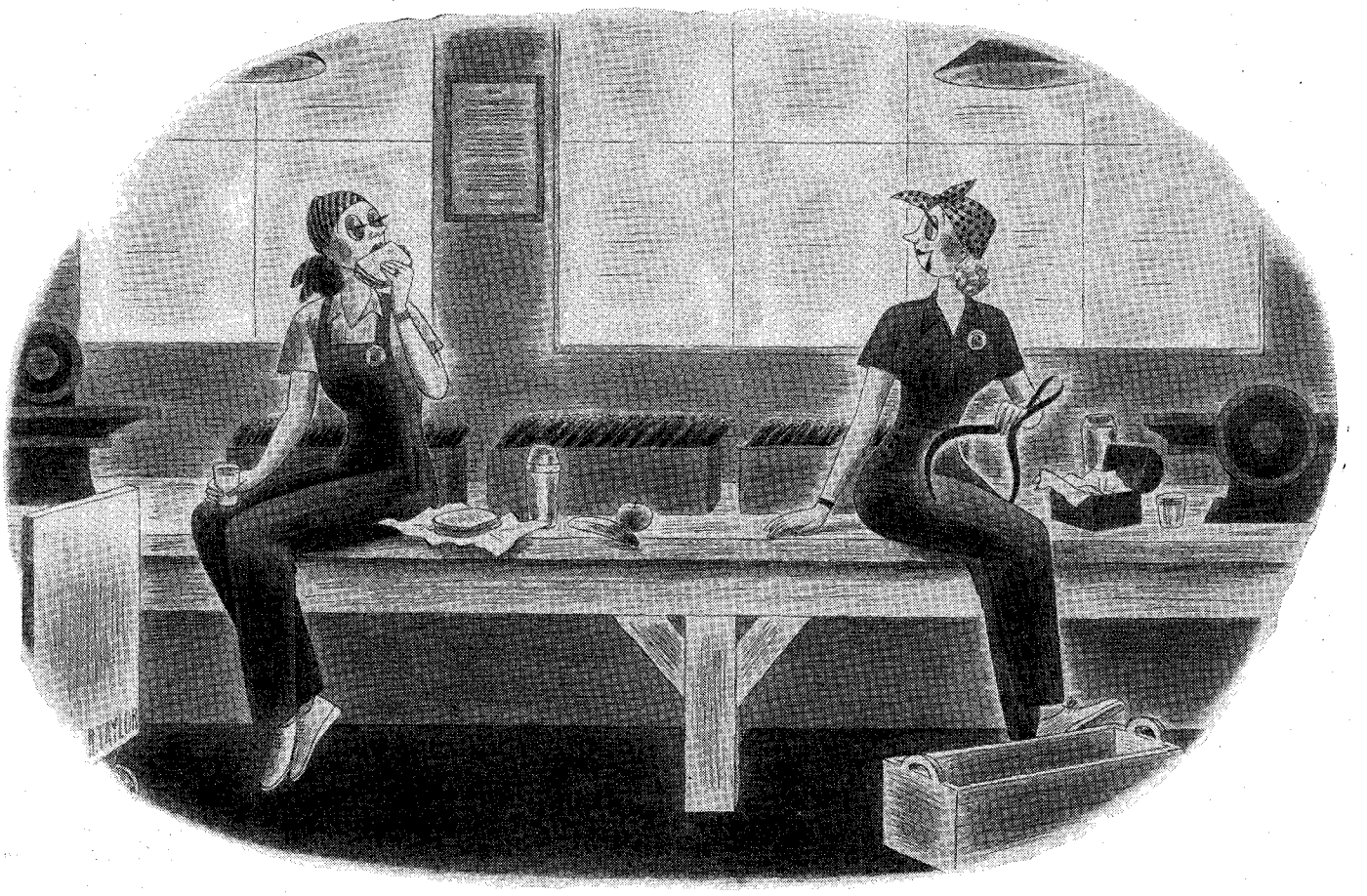

*"I've lost two whole millimetres since Tuesday."*

• •

on board. The Swedish masseuse talked of it down at the swimming pool; the officers were interested; the missionaries, naturally, were pleased. Some people were disgusted, some just amused, and one lady gave Dixie a wedding present, a silver brooch in the shape of a Chinese good-luck character. Peggy loved it and wore it constantly. The first few days of her marriage were fairly tumultuous and she was seldom sober. "I was going by their cabin the other day," said one member of the Committee, "and there all the gang were, crowded in on the bunks, with Peggy sitting on an upper one. Someone asked me a question through the open door and I was trying to answer when she began saying something. Then one of them yelled at her, 'Dummy up, you goddam twist, and let a man talk!' Well, I expected trouble to start right then, but evidently it was just in the order of the day. Peggy shut up and let me talk."

Everyone among the Dead Enders agreed that Tommy's one idea had been, to put it crudely, gain. He had married Dixie with the intention of being her manager. Tommy himself subscribed to this theory, and to hear him talk you would have been convinced that he had been managing girls all his life. "When I turn a girl out," he said, in the hearing of several Dead Enders, "I *turn* her out." The passage of an idyllic week or so, however, made his pals at first suspicious and then scornful. "He ain't turnin' no girl out," said Sammy in deep disgust. "He won't let her out of his sight. He's in *love* with her, for crise sake." It looked like it. Tommy and his bride bickered, made it up, fought, made it up, chased each other around with knives, and made it up again. It looked very much like love. "He's beat," said Bob with finality.

Port Elizabeth should have been about an inch and a half to the right of Cape Town on the ship's map, but so many fingers had traced the Gripsholm's route that a paintless white track ran through the Indian Ocean and ended in a white blob at the foot of the African continent. Port Elizabeth was to be our first Allied port, and we looked forward to reaching it with a special impatience.

Port Elizabeth turned itself inside out for us. It was a beautifully clean place, with roofs on all the houses and not a sign of war anywhere except the uniforms. They were everywhere, on men and women alike. If you talked to people, you heard a lot about the war, though. Many of the men had fought in the North African campaign. People said they hadn't drunk whiskey for months, but since the population swam happily in lashings of the local brandy, we did not pity them too much. We all shopped eccentrically. It was an effort not to stock up on everything. I had to restrain Kitty, the Eurasian girl I had hired aboard the Teia Maru to take care of Carola, from buying four pounds of prunes for her.

We disembarked on Port Elizabeth's first meatless day. You couldn't get anything to eat at the hotels and restaurants but fish, eggs, and all the vegetables and fruit in the world. The populace was terribly apologetic and tried hard to make up for it in other ways. Anyone who wanted to stay overnight ashore was invited to do so by a local family. A nursery had been fitted out for children from the ship. There were ladies to take you shopping, and most of them tried to pay for everything into the bargain. All

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the Chinese-Americans on the ship were taken off to dinner by the Chinese community and given a picnic the next day. Kitty was among them, and with Kitty, as usual, was Carola, who already looked coldly upon any non-Asiatic.

The glow of good feeling we acquired in Port Elizabeth lasted most of the way to Rio. "It's so strange to be where people are nice to you," one girl quavered. However, it hadn't taken long to get used to it. For the first time, we began to realize that our little group was not to be all alone forever, that something pleasant actually lay ahead of us. More and more the community sifted itself out; people sought their own level and went back to prewar normal. We all became quieter, perhaps because we had spent most of our money.

ELEVEN days after we sailed from Port Elizabeth, we reached Rio. It is a long approach to the harbor and it was a long wait until we got ashore—from early morning until afternoon. Everybody on board was sick with excitement. When we all got onto the dock together, we realized for the first time what a lot of people we were. A loudspeaker was blaring out names and messages to us. The efficient arrangements of the American consul broke down fairly completely, however, when it came to the mail. There was a lot of mail. There were hundreds of people waiting for it. We mobbed the distribution tables that had been set up on deck, for once refusing to queue up, and one by one we staggered out of the crowd with our hands full, trembling. For most of us it was the first word from home since Pearl Harbor. I looked up from my own letters to find Steve, Sammy, and Tommy reading theirs beside me.

"Jeez!" said Steve. "The old man's dead."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Steve," I said.

He looked down at his letter. "Anyway," he said, sighing, "he can't never tell me to go to hell no more."

Tommy was smiling and flushed. "Got a swell letter from the folks," he said. "They actually sound glad I'm comin' back. They want to meet me in New York to bring me clothes and all sorts of gear."

"You're a lucky stiff," said Steve. "I don't want to land looking like no tramp, but what can I do?"

What Steve did, as a matter of fact, was to discover in Rio a branch of the United Seamen's Service, which lent him, as a seaman in good standing, the price of a new suit of clothes, a shirt, a pair of shoes, and a hat. Steve passed the word around, and the Service also staked Sammy and a couple of the other seamen among us to new outfits. All in all, the Dead Enders smartened up considerably in Rio. "Talk about glorifyin' the American girl!" Tommy kept saying. "Did you ever hear of glorifyin' the American seaman?" He was a man who had come home at last. "Say, you know what they told me over at the Service?" he asked me rhetorically and with some awe. "That the merchant seamen's casualty list is longer than the Army's." Tommy and Sammy and the rest were suddenly solid citizens all.

NOTHING ever dragged as much as the two weeks it took us to get from Rio to New York. It wasn't just my own idea; everybody noticed it. Moreover, everybody was feeling the way I was about reaching New York, too. Instead of being impatient and eager to get there, I was afraid. I was appalled at the prospect of diving into life again. I saw freedom ahead of me, days full of my own decisions, a continent to wander in without exit or entry permits and without permits to take my baggage, permits to own my baby. I was scared to death.

When finally we entered the harbor, it was night, so we couldn't see the Statue of Liberty, and there were none of those emotions that other repatriates had written about. We came near the shore and there were lights, just a few at first and then a few more. Then, somewhere out in the harbor, we dropped anchor. It was cold, so everybody went to bed. In the morning I got up early and went out on deck. Everything was draped in a smoky blue light. There were a lot of ships around, and one came alongside us and tooted merrily four times; the men aboard her laughed and waved. They were all talking with American accents. Then the air came into my nostrils—the New York air, smoky and cold and tingling. I felt wonderful. I ran down to my cabin and found Carola looking suspiciously at New York through the porthole.

"Let's go back," she begged me.

"It's going to be all right, Carola," I said.

—EMILY HAHN

*(This is the second of two articles on the repatriation ships Teia Maru and Gripsholm.)*

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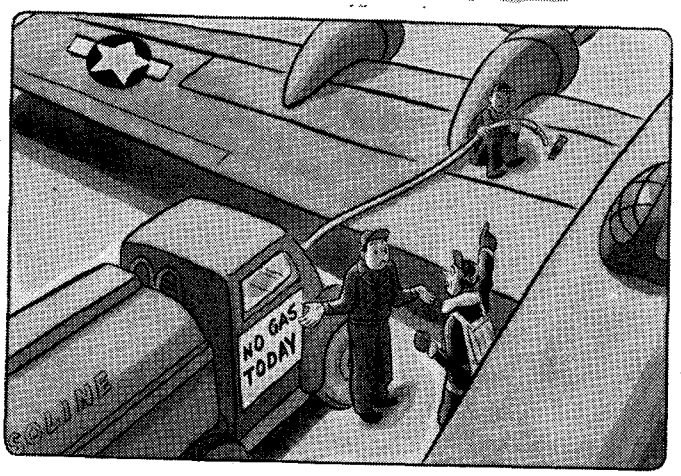
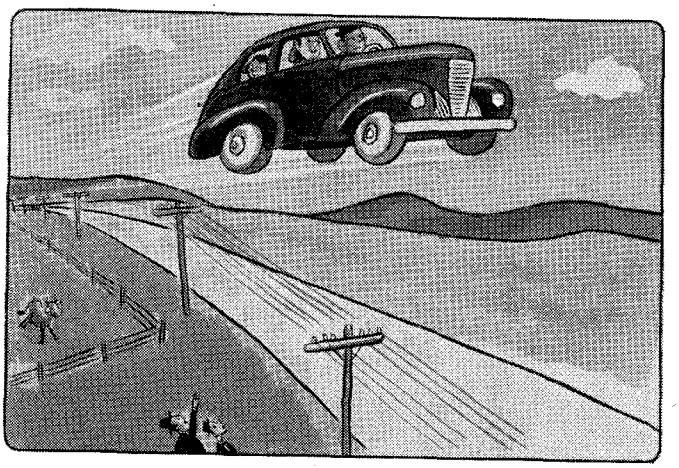
# Not Enough Gas?

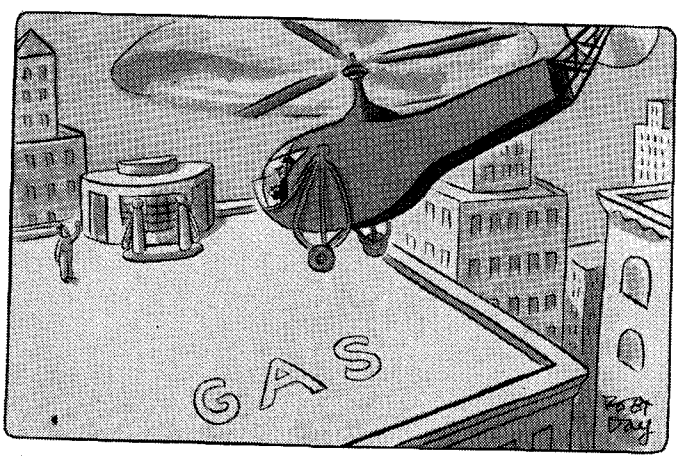
**1 How can there still be a gasoline shortage** with all those new pipelines and refineries? That's a fair question, and one that we at Taylor can help to answer, because for a year and a half we've been up to our ears in orders for control instruments used in the automatic processing of high octane gasoline for the armed forces.



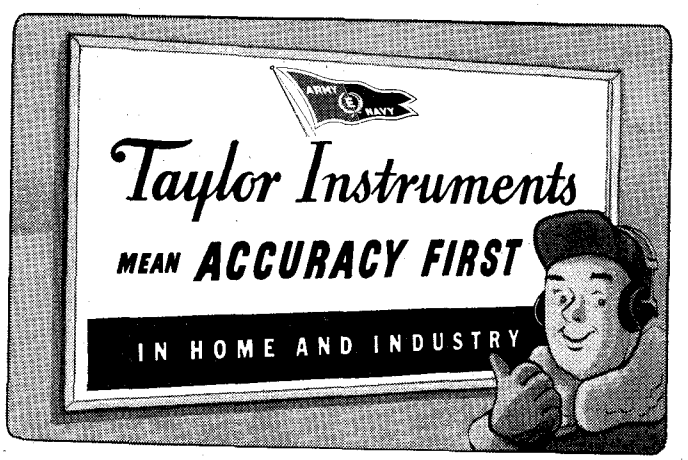

**2 The main idea** is not to let things like this happen. And when one Flying Fortress, on one 400 mile tour of Europe, can burn up enough gasoline to last the average motorist a year, it's a tough job! Yet even if our air forces had all the gas they needed — which they haven't — there'd still be no extra gas for you, because . . .



**3 Today's aviation gasoline** isn't gasoline at all, but a new superfuel made by a series of complicated processes (which is why they need Taylor Accuracy). If you put some in your car, there's no telling *what* might happen! And—too bad for you, but worse for Hitler—most of the new refining capacity is devoted to this new fuel.




**4 So you end up** no better off than the fellow who wants a new Taylor Barometer for his house! But our boys get the good gas they need. And that makes us all feel proud and happy. Our advice is, keep on buying War Bonds, and be ready to try out the new super-gasoline along with the new Taylor Instruments that will come after the war!




**5 Low-priority sufferers!** Here's good news. We're still busy making Taylor Instruments for gasoline and other war materials. But we've built up our production facilities to the point where we soon may be able to supply *all* industries once more! Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada.

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# THE THEATRE

## WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

AMONG the questions a critic sooner or later has to take up with his God is the matter of humor on the stage. What, in all the drowsy years on the aisle, has really seemed funny to him? What, without reference to the files, can he remember offhand as having been too much for his professional composure? What jocularity, in short, can still make him laugh when he thinks of it now, long after the play that contained it has been taken apart and put away? Since humor is probably the one subject in the world on which every man is his own bitter and unyielding expert, any selection of it is a reckless project and I approach it nervously. However, this being the season of lists and summaries, I have some excuse for attaching one of my own and propose to take advantage of it. The following, then, are ten experiences in the theatre that gave me great pleasure at the time and still do. They have been chosen without any assistance from the library, they are all taken from musical shows and revues for the sake of keeping this study within reasonable limits, and they are arranged in no particular order. It is a good four-to-one bet that the reader's own favorite specimen is not included, but I don't know what can be done about that now. Ladies and gentlemen, the jokes:

Beatrice Lillie impersonating Ruth Draper in that celebrated sketch called "A Railway Station on the Western Plains."

Joe Jackson and his prodigious bicycle.

Reginald Gardiner producing the sounds that might conceivably be made by the patterns in wallpaper.

Harpo Marx and his quiet, deadly pursuit of virtuous women.

Joe Cook imitating four Hawaiians.

Charles Butterworth, pale and desperate, addressing a convocation of dummies.

W. C. Fields when he said, "It ain't a fit night out for man nor beast."

Ed Wynn and his inventions, before invention got to be rather too much of a strain on everybody's part.

Jimmy Savo delivering "River, Stay 'Way from My Door."

Fred Allen in an extremely peculiar number about polar exploration.

I can think of a lot more that seemed very funny when I saw them, but these are the ones that still make me laugh in retrospect, and that, I think, has to be the final test. For purposes of what might be called negative control, I append another list, rather more general in character, of things that have *not* made me laugh and even, to put it bluntly, have usually made me wish I was dead:

Anybody saying "I tank I go home now," "That's all there is, there isn't any more," "Come up and see me some time," or any of those mysterious lines that somehow once convulsed the parish.

All ventriloquists' dummies, including Charlie McCarthy.

All homosexual routines, naming no names.

Practically all quips that depend on the possession of special Broadway information.

Practically all drunken routines and simulations of insanity.

Variations of the strip tease, parodies of the ballet, and anatomical dancing of the kind provided by one Carrie Finnell.

Midgets and similar oddities engaged in l'amour with the chorus girls.

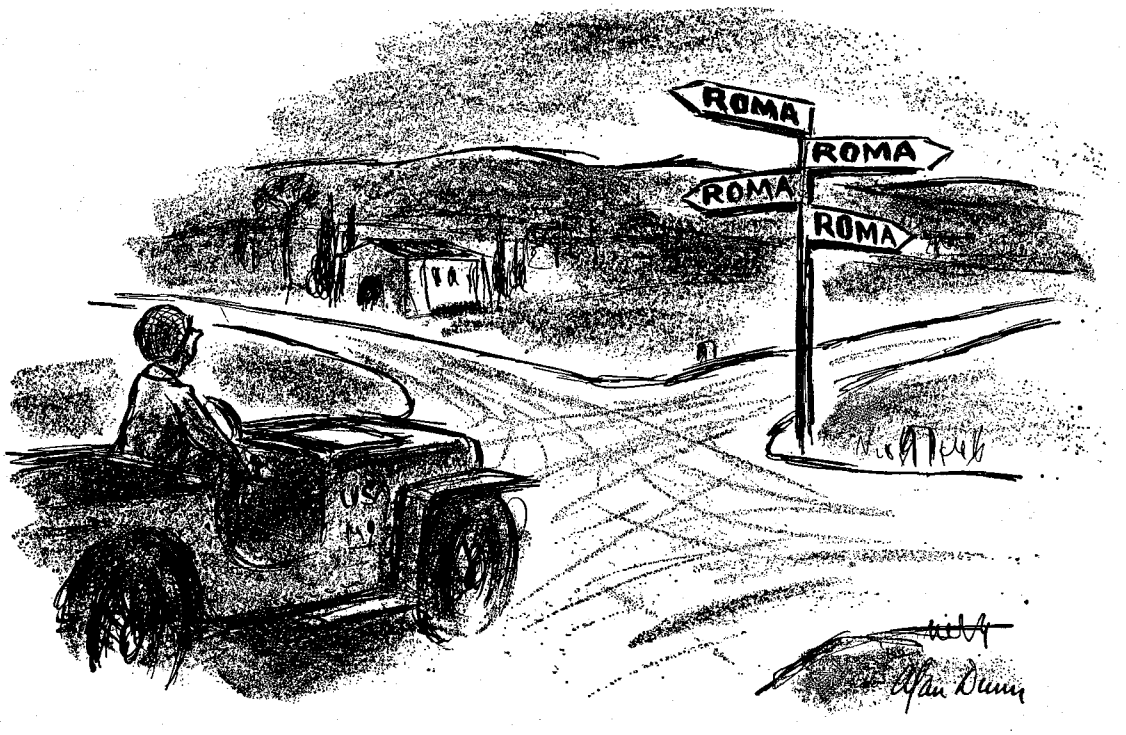
Jocose references to the plumbing.

The infamous "Dr. Kronkite" and other period pieces based largely on puns and dialect.

Comedians who think it is funny to sing off key.

Comedians who think it is funny to kid with the orchestra leader, or, worse, with the customers.

Having assembled all these items, I have to admit that I have no idea what they prove. In general, I seem to admire parodies of earnest cultural endeavor, essays on man in conflict with the machine, sex (pantomimic), logic extended to the borders of lunacy, and characters vaguely confounded by the supernatural. My dislikes, I am embarrassed to note, are apparently based on moral indignation, low vitality or hypochondria, and a distaste for that warm, physical communion between the artist and his victim, that desire to sit on the lap and muss the hair, which seems to be the dream of most popular performers of

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P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

# Chef's "handy" says...

# "Ah, Perfect!"

## 3-Ring "handy" says...

# "BALLANTINE for me!"

Ancient man spoke his mind,
*not* in words, but in *signs!*
And, very often, we still do.
Hopeful "handy" says
"Let's make a wish." Boaster's
"handy" says "It's a cinch."
3-Ring "handy" says
"Ballantine"... PURITY, BODY and
FLAVOR in every glass.
*America's finest since 1840.*

PURITY BODY FLAVOR

# ALE

**A WAR MESSAGE FROM THE FOOD FRONT**

Get all the juice in your grapefruit Get all the soup in your plate Pick the bones clean
Join the *Clean Plate Club*... don't waste food!

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# LISTEN: DECEMBER 25, 1943

In the crowded 21 years from 1923 through 1943 the U.S. families who own at least one radio set increased from 400,000 to 30,800,000.

★

In Times Square on New Year's Eve there will be the horns again, the crowds packed from wall to wall. Most of the revelers outdoors will then go indoors—perhaps to a night spot to watch a show, or home to turn on the radio and hear 1944 reach Chicago, Salt Lake, Seattle, Honolulu. But no one in New York, outdoors or in, has ever heard a New Year's Eve program quite so whopping as New York's own greeting to the Armed Forces overseas that night. You probably won't hear it on the U.S. air, either. So you ought to know about it now:

Inspired by the Mayor's Committee ("99 Park Ave.," for short), the Army produced the show as one of its special hours of holiday broadcasts overseas. The soldiers made the recording the other night in a CBS Playhouse on Broadway.

Come on in.

The stage is jammed with a superb Air Corps Training Command orchestra and choral group from Yale, with Captains Glenn Miller and Meredith Willson ready to swing the stick.

Downstage at the m.c. mike, Kate Smith. She introduces Milton Berle, star of the *Ziegfeld Follies.*

Then Mary Martin, star of *One Touch of Venus.*

Then the Golden Gate Quartet, no less.

Then Fred Waring and his 61 Pennsylvanians, to swing *Auld Lang Syne* as it was never swung before.

Then Ted Husing introduces Fiorello H. LaGuardia, to speak New York's own prayer and greeting to 750,000 New Yorkers in the Armed Forces.

And now comes Harlem's Hazel Scott, who does things to a piano like nobody else, and now comes Andres Segovia, who does things to a guitar that nobody else can do.

And here is a certain Wall Street broker, Georgie Price, who wraps up Jolson and Jessel and tosses them overseas as a New Year's gift.

Then the improbable, the colossal, the high-explosive Jimmy Durante.

Then Deems Taylor, to introduce Capt. Miller and the boys in a fantastic symphonic build-up into (you guessed it) *Pistol Packin' Mama*—as a thousand service men and women in the house yell their delight.

And finally, Kate Smith again, singing her fourth song—and at last the ocean-roar of Times Square crying the old year out, the New Year in...and the *Star Spangled Banner.*

So whenever New Year's Eve occurs around the globe, the amazing record will play Happy New Year to the men in the lines and the subs and the planes. About the only way you could hear it would be to get into uniform and get overseas before next Friday night.

Of course everybody did his part "for free." A Colonel tells us that the Armed Forces Radio Service is originating some 40 shows a week of this type and quality, and taking another 60 off the regular air—an output of over 40 hours a week for the listening of the services. *Command Performance, Mail Call,* and *Jubilee* rate high overseas. An Indiana Marine corporal off Guadalcanal tells us the Joes eat up all we can produce. "Brother," he said, "when you hear that ole Star Spangled Banner comin' in you see plenty of 'em cryin' right into they beards—and not for scared, either."

★

Happy New Year, fellas.
And Merry Christmas, too!

★

This is
CBS
the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

our day. Altogether, if there is any information to be gathered here, it reveals more about the critic himself than about the material criticized, and that, I'm sure, is a matter of profound indifference to everybody.

THE pre-holiday lull last week produced only a revival of "Susan and God," as the opening dramatic offering of the new City Center, formerly Mecca Temple. This was remarkable chiefly for the nerve-racking acoustical properties of the ex-temple—the voice of a character as he crossed the stage blared and faded like a transatlantic broadcast—and for a performance by Gertrude Lawrence that seemed to have been scaled for the Hollywood Bowl. A civic theatre is unquestionably a fine thing, but "Susan" was hardly a promising beginning, though certainly a noisy one.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

### WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

[*From the Congressional Record*]

MR. MCKELLAR. If it had been my amendment I should have been very happy to act on it in the way suggested. I am sure the Senator from Massachusetts understood it in the way I have stated. I am sure the Senator from Connecticut also understood it in that way, because that is the fact. That is all there is to it. It is a fact.

I shall call a meeting of the committee tomorrow.

Mr. President, the Senator from Vermont is smiling at me as though he did not believe me. I do not care a particle whether the Senator from Vermont believes me or not, but I assert that what I have said is the fact, and he will not dare to say that it is not.

MR. AUSTIN. Mr. President, I regret that any feeling has been exhibited in connection with this matter.

MR. MCKELLAR. I did not like the way the Senator was smiling about it.

MR. AUSTIN. I was not at all smiling at what the Senator was saying.

MR. MCKELLAR. In my judgment, the Senator was smiling at what I had said.

MR. DANAHER. It might be that he was smiling at the Senator from Connecticut.

MR. MCKELLAR. Well, if he was, that is a different thing. But I do not like that kind of humor.

MR. BARKLEY. I am sure the Senator from Tennessee will agree that it is much easier for the Senator from Vermont to laugh at the Senator from Connecticut than to laugh at him.

MR. MCKELLAR. I am not saying one way or the other.

MR. AUSTIN. There is nothing to it.

MR. MCKELLAR. The Senator says there is nothing to it, and I am willing to accept his explanation.

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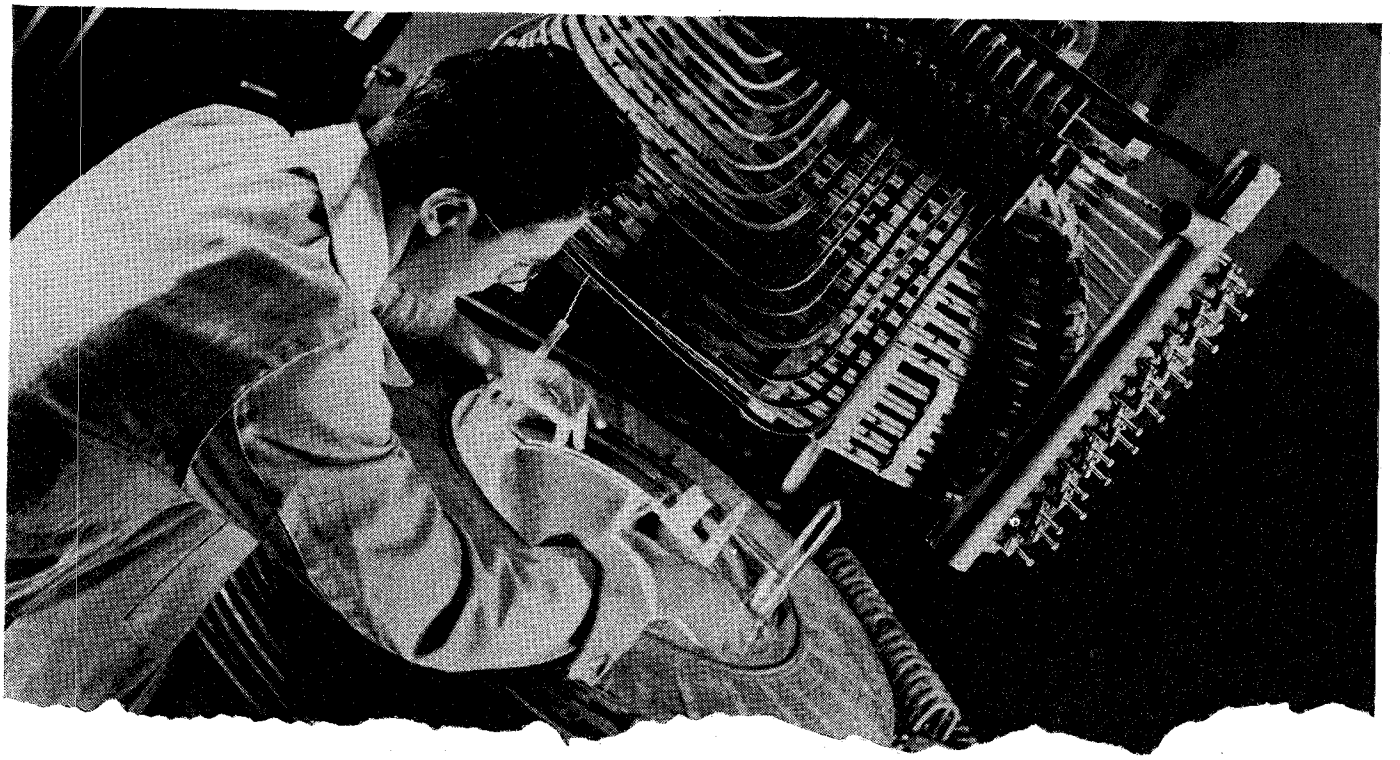


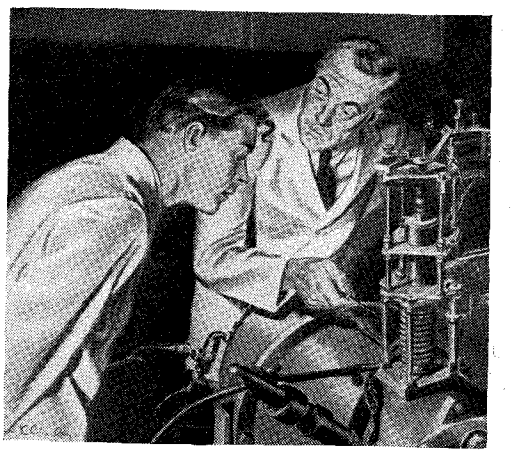
Helping the tire maker: Pictured here is a laboratory model of the new Westinghouse-developed "mass spectrometer," an adaptation of which analyzes gases with incredible swiftness and accuracy. Right now, one of the most important of its many uses is speeding up tremendously a step in the making of synthetic rubber.

## Westinghouse research accepts every wartime challenge . . .

Under the spur of war, Westinghouse research is delving into numberless mysteries, not only in the vast field of electricity and electronics, but also in chemistry, physics, metallurgy, plastics. And as a result, out of the great Westinghouse laboratories has come a steady stream of new war products, and new and better ways of making old ones.

## Westinghouse research develops new talent for America . . .

To Westinghouse, each year, come several hundred budding scientists and engineers—to work, to learn, to blaze new trails in electrical research. And each year, through more than 100 Westinghouse scholarships, young men enter America's engineering colleges to develop the native skill and talent that has made America great and will make it greater.



## Westinghouse research promises new wonders for peace . . .

You have heard much talk of the marvels science will offer you after the War. Well, there *will* be marvels—plenty of them—and Westinghouse research is working to contribute its full share. But we will never lose sight of what we consider our first duty: seeing that, beyond all question, each Westinghouse product, old *or* new, is the very finest of its kind. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Plants in 25 cities, offices everywhere.

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# WHAT'S THIS MAN'S ARMY COMIN' TO ?

It's like I was sayin' to the lootenant just the other day. "Sir," I says, "there's times when I wonder what this man's army is comin' to. Man and boy, I been soldierin' thirty years now, but lately I'm beginnin' to wonder.

"First they take the cavalry and put 'em in tanks . . . or mechanized cavalry they call it! Mebbe it's all right but, personally, I can't see what business any self-respectin' cavalryman has in one of them king-size sardine cans.

"But that ain't all, sir," I says. "Now they've cooked up this here air-borne infantry.* I seen plenty in my day, from Panama to Shanghai to ole Paree, but I never thought I'd live to see the day when them foot-sloggin' G.I.'s would be ridin' around in airplanes.

"I ask you, sir. Ain't there *nothin'* sacred no more?"

** For the edification of the Sarge (bless his antiquated soul), the air-borne infantry—like the mechanized cavalry—was created to give our army the added speed, mobility and hitting power so strikingly demonstrated in Sicily. And also for his information, we'd like to add that the air-borne infantry's "airplanes" are often* WACO *gliders . . . designed by* WACO *. . . built by* WACO *and fifteen other manufacturers using* WACO *design and engineering supervision.* THE WACO AIRCRAFT COMPANY, *Troy, Ohio, U. S. A.*

WACO AIRPLANES

ALL ARMY CARGO-TRANSPORT GLIDERS ARE WACO DESIGNED

# OF ALL THINGS

THE War and Navy Departments have ruled that an officer may accept a nomination for President or Vice President. General MacArthur had better button up his shirt if he doesn't want to be accused of hoping to get caught in a draft.

•

Congress has postponed until after the holidays final action on the tax bill, subsidies, and the soldier vote. Perhaps our statesmen expect to find the solutions to these problems in their Christmas stockings.

•

The Balkans are reported to be greatly disturbed by Secretary Hull's announcement that the satellite Axis states must expect the same punishment as the Nazis. They say that although they went to the party a good time was not had by all.

•

Ribbentrop claims that the terrible air raids serve only to bolster German morale. If this is true, the *herrenvolk* will reach an all-time peak of enthusiasm before the winter is over.

•

Several courts have ruled that Nevada divorces are invalid if the suing parties took up residence in that state solely to get a decree. There must, of course, be eight or nine other reasons for moving to Reno, if one could only think of them.

•

It is clear that the production of war materials is nearing its maximum. The WPB has told some manufacturers that they may now start worrying about their neglected homework.

•

Before long we may expect fewer mergers of hearts, hands, and ration books. The country is facing a severe shortage of grooms.

•

Analysis of the Army's "gripe sheets" shows that forty per cent of our soldiers complain that their trousers are too tight. It could be that this is one result of having the best-fed fighting force in the world.

•

The Germans admit that the American bombers raiding Regensburg hit airplane factories but missed a nearby hospital. Obviously there has been a direct hit on the Nazi propaganda headquarters.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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# IT ALL ADDS UP!

VICTORY GARDEN CLUB, created by the Los Angeles Times —with free helps and instructions for all who pledged themselves to raise needed vegetables.

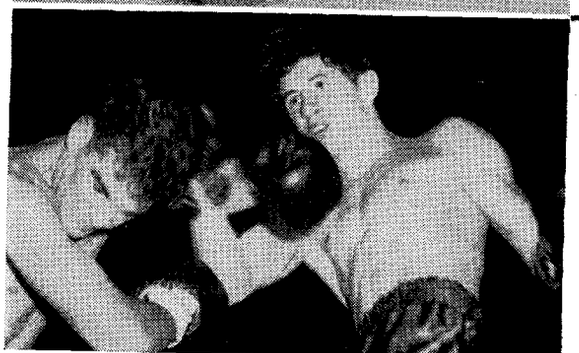
MEMBERSHIP
25,000

+

WAR WORKERS GOLF TOURNAMENT. A Times-sponsored event that brought together war workers, top flight golfers, movie celebrities. *The largest tournament ever held in the West.*

ATTENDANCE
10,000

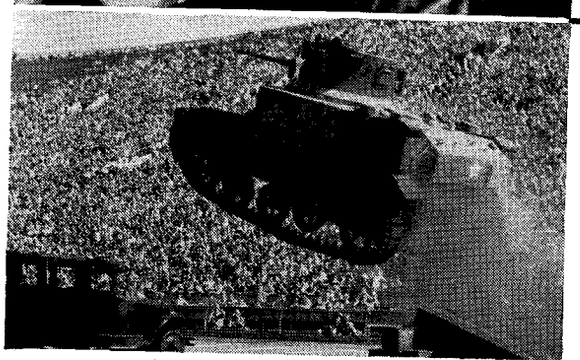
+



BOXING TOURNAMENT. A two-night show of the best amateur fighters from the Army, Navy and Defense Plants. Eighty entries (some from as many as 1000 miles distance) and 184 bouts. Sponsored by THE TIMES.

ATTENDANCE
10,500

+



ARMY ORDNANCE SHOW. Two days of military exhibits and maneuvers presented by the U. S. Army Service Forces under the sponsorship of THE TIMES. The nation's most spectacular presentation of fighting men and machines in action.

ATTENDANCE
200,000

**Los Angeles Times**

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NEW YORK · CHICAGO · DETROIT · SAN FRANCISCO

INTEREST FOR ALL
=EVERYBODY'S NEWSPAPER

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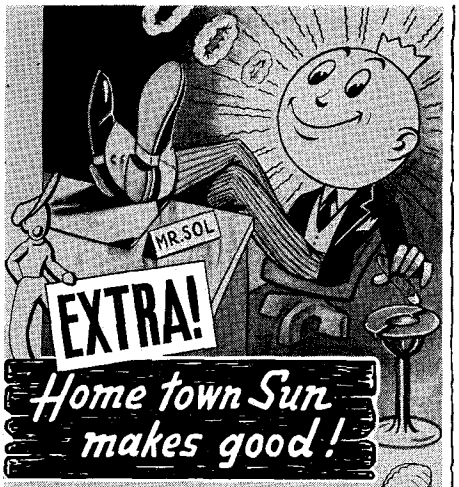



Better mousetrap? No! Just its warm, glowing friendliness is what makes people beat a path to Phoenix to get acquainted with our Sun. It's brilliant, too—outshines everything—simply won't be put in the shade! Too bad if wartime tasks and travel will keep YOU from beating a path to the Valley of the Sun. But cheer up! The Sun and the *Certified-Climate** will still be good as gold when peace is assured.

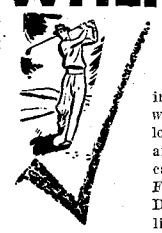
*..."Certified" when the Valley of the Sun was chosen by the U.S. Army as one of America's foremost aviation training centers because of its unexcelled climate and weather conditions.

Every Day is a Sunny Day

For free, profusely illustrated booklet and cartograph map, write the Valley of the Sun Club, 2022 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Phoenix, Arizona.

**Phoenix Arizona**
*In the Valley of the Sun*

**WHERE TO GO THIS WINTER**



Forget heating, servant and rationing problems—make Pinehurst your winter home this year. Special rates for long stays. Dry, bracing, invigorating air. Homelike friendly atmosphere. No car needed. Winter golf center—riding. For details, write Pinehurst, Inc., 9016 Dogwood Road, Pinehurst, North Carolina or phone BRyant 9-6347.

Make reservations early!

**Pinehurst**
NORTH CAROLINA

*use*
**ROYLIES**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**PAPER DOYLIES**
**Your table linens may be irreplaceable . . . conserve them and at the same time save soap, fuel, and laundry-labor.**

By makers of ROYLEDGE Paper Shelving

# LETTER FROM LONDON

DEC. 19 (BY CABLE)

THE news of Mr. Churchill's illness has naturally overshadowed everything else in Londoners' minds this past week. Though all the papers pointed out that there was no apparent cause for alarm, the public didn't seem at all reassured, and at least one journal, the religious little *Daily Sketch*, seemed to share this view to the extent of devoting its whole front page to a photograph of the Prime Minister with a solemn verse from the Psalms under it. What with this sort of thing and the lugubrious triumph of the faint-hearted, who have always insisted that his global sorties were much, much too risky, the last few days have been distinctly uncheerful, though Mr. Churchill's apparent improvement has caused a slight lifting of spirits.

In the middle of their anxiety over Mr. Churchill's temperature, millions of Englishmen have been feverishly taking their own, for the flu epidemic has now reached worrying proportions and isn't yet at its peak, according to the *Lancet*. There have been worse epidemics, certainly, but the amount of dislocation which this one is causing is just another indication of how little slack is left in the home-front line. The current versions of influenza are the "lightning" variety, which is over in three days, and a lengthier and more unpleasant brand, which usually keeps the victim's temperature wobbling around 103 for a week or so. Both sorts leave people with a vicious cough, so at the moment every movie theatre, restaurant, and public vehicle is in a continuous and explosive uproar.

The new Minister of Health, Mr. Henry U. Willink, has as big a job to do in this new emergency as he had when, as special commissioner of the Ministry, he was called upon to find housing accommodations for people made homeless by the blitzes, and he is tackling it just as vigorously. His scheme, already functioning in London boroughs and country districts, makes it possible for a distraught householder whose entire family is prostrate and whose sink is stacked with unwashed dishes to apply to the local Women's Voluntary Services, or similar good angels, who will come round and do the chores, mind the children, and fetch the medicine. The British Restaurants are also organizing a mobile canteen service of hot dinners, just as they did when blitzes, rather than bacilli, were interfering with the public's cooking arrangements.

One good effect of the epidemic is that it has stopped the mild amount of worrying over that new secret weapon German propagandists keep talking about. Now that the influenza bug is openly laying people out right and left, there is no inclination to speculate on what similar device the Germans may be privately concocting. The irritating greeting of the moment is "Have you had it?" and those who can still say no seem resigned to the possibility that they won't be able to much longer.

THE holiday shoppers are finding, naturally enough, that there is less and poorer stuff to buy than there was last Christmas and that what there is costs more. In a word, everything from toys to cosmetics is expensive and nasty. Gift hunters declare angrily that what the shops offer is trash but buy it, just as angrily, because there's nothing else. The rocking horses of earlier days are in keen demand, and antique dealers are rubbing their hands cheerfully, for plenty of shoppers are deciding that something old but honestly made is better than something new and shoddy. Though the average citizen never so much as sniffs the black market, most of the Christmas poultry is admittedly going to it, and the Ministry of Food so far seems unable to remedy the situation. For the benefit of Britons buying legally and mournfully on the white market, the papers give cheerful recipes telling how to stuff your ration of frozen beef so that by closing your eyes and not thinking you might imagine it's turkey. The theatres, however, are gallantly keeping up the Christmas spirit with such offerings for children as "Peter Pan," "Alice in Wonderland," and that hardy holiday perennial, "Where the Rainbow Ends." The theatrical treat for parents is the Lunts in Robert Sherwood's new (and non-Finnish) version of "There Shall Be No Night," which opened last week among a shower of bouquets from the critics.

ECHOES of the famous speech by General Smuts are still rumbling. Lots of English apparently thought it fine and lots of others were furious, a

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division of opinion also apparent among the newspapers. The Manchester *Guardian*, for instance, was against the speech, but the *Times* was so emphatically enthusiastic that it reprinted it word for word in a pamphlet called "Thoughts on the New World," which made more noise than any symphony Dvořák ever thought up. Since the most debated portion of it was the statement that France was down and out, and would be for years to come, the Free French here might have been expected to come back with a blast of their own. Their comment, however, has been more pained than mad, a lot like the British reaction to the criticisms of the senatorial quintuplets the United States sent over, and has been mostly confined to such dignified unofficial reproofs as the editorial the Free French paper ran under the title "Un Etrange Discours." London Frenchmen say, with admirable common sense, that of course France is no longer part of the equation of world power, but it was General Smuts' brusque reference to the fact which apparently upset susceptibilities already made sensitive by other events. Among the British, the General's prediction that Great Britain, though her honor would remain intact, would come out of the war as just a poor relative of the important and wealthy United States and Russia has provoked more discussion of the future of the Empire than there has been for years. In the House, though, it was the Labour Party's Mr. Shinwell, and not a member of the Treasury benches, who said huffily that Britain intended to be a wealthy nation after the war despite all of Smuts' virtuous nonsense about being noble and poor. At any rate, it would seem that the General's remarks have been useful, if only because they have joggled the English into examining the structure of their house with a view to postwar improvements instead of merely sitting quietly while the critics advise them to pull it down and give it back, as it were, to the Indians.

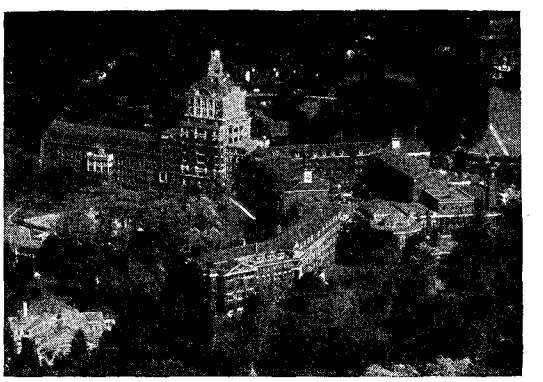
—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

Hardy's kick was blocked and UCLA recovered on the USC 24 from where Don Borden raced over shoved back to the 13, UCLA End Dave Brown found Hardy's lateral in his arms and he set sailed over 80 yards after taking a USC kickoff to their own 20 the Bruins fumbled and USC Tackle Ted Ossowski grabbed it on the 20. George Callanan dashed across.

—*Charleston (W. Va.) Mail.*

That's the kind of football we like to watch.



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# EXILES FROM THE CREUSE

PAPA GENE and Dédé shut behind them the door of the little studio and garden on the Rue Durantin, halfway up the Montmartre hill, and started off toward the Rue Lepic, the street of the market. It was an occasion. They were going Christmas shopping and then to see the fair on the Boulevard de Clichy.

No one would have taken them for Parisians, but this did not trouble them in the least. "Provincials on a visit" was written all over them—on the stoop-shouldered old countryman, with his rough-hewn face full of a vague and patient melancholy, and on his granddaughter of thirteen, dark, and young for her age. Visitors they both were, from the Creuse, in the remote central hills of France. Dédé was spending the winter with her Uncle Aristide, Papa Gène's son, who had unaccountably departed from the home farm to become a sculptor and who now lived on Montmartre with his American wife and two small daughters. Papa Gène was there for the holidays because la Mère Christine, his wife, had thought that to be away from the farm in the bitter cold would be good for his bad heart, but nothing would persuade la Mère Christine to accompany him; how could she leave "my beasts," she said, as she would have said "my children."

As Dédé walked along behind Papa Gène on the sidewalk, which was too narrow for two, she thought over what she still had to buy. Already she had sent her gifts to her father and mother in Lyon. That had been easy. But Dédé had spent most of her life with her grandmother, la Mère Christine; she had lived on her grandparents' farm in the Creuse so long that to her it was home. And as yet she had found no gift worthy of la Mère Christine.

Her parents had thought that Dédé was growing too *sauvage*, alone on the farm, and that it would be a fine thing for her to spend the winter in Paris, with the *Tonton* and *Tata* from *l'Amérique*. Dédé liked Paris well enough. The *Tata* had taken her to the Galeries Lafayette and bought her a plaid dress, a dark-blue coat, and a beret. She loved the *Tonton*, with his beard, and she loved his little girls—Mickey-Souris and the new little Piquita, with her smooth brown head like an acorn. Dédé had to help with the dishes only when the *bonne* was out instead of doing them all the time and the ironing too. But when it came to comparing Paris with the Creuse—well, Paris was not in it!

Paris streets looked always alike, but in the Creuse, the countryside changed every day. Now, in winter, it would be deep in snow, blue and strange at nightfall. In Paris the holly berries were already drying up and falling; in the Creuse they would still be red as blood against the snow, with the birds chattering over them. It was cold, hard work helping la Mère Christine with the beasts, and there was the long, cold walk to school, but she would warm up by throwing snowballs. And in the evenings she'd sit by the fire roasting chestnuts and reading the old red book of fairy stories. They still ran in her mind: "For seven long years I braved death and passion . . ." Someday she would go back to the Creuse and live there always.

*Noël* in Paris was all right, though. She loved the crèches. She had taken Mickey-Souris up to the big church of the Sacré-Coeur, cold, and dazzling with lights, to see the crèche, with a Holy Family of brightly painted figures as big as Mickey-Souris. But both Dédé and Mickey-Souris liked best the little old church at the end of their street. It was small and shabby and even colder inside than Sacré-Coeur, but the smell of fir and incense tingled in your nose and the crèche was a true miracle. You put a franc in a slot, and *houp-là!* there was music, and the whole story happened before your eyes. Angels flew in the sky, sheep moved across the fields, a little brook ran down the hill, the kings rode on camels bearing their gifts, and the ox and the ass nodded respectfully before the baby in the manger. One day Dédé and Mickey-Souris had stood there dropping in coins until their francs gave out. When they got home, Dédé made a crèche for Mickey-Souris, using an old carton for the stable and

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a champagne-bottle wrapping for the thatch and modelling the figures with *Tonton's* clay. *Tonton* had liked Dédé's crèche, but the stable made her think of the Creuse and she had wanted to cry.

AS Dédé and her grandfather started out to do their shopping, Papa Gène's mind was not on presents; he privately thought this a foolish new custom, cooked up between the shopkeepers and Père Noël as an excuse for pocketing your sous. He, too, was thinking that Paris was an overrated place and that he would like to be having a glass by the fireside with his neighbor, Vergne, and be telling him about his trip to the city. But, after all, what would there be to tell Vergne? He was comfortable in Paris, yes. The house was warm, as well it might be with all the money his son had put into central heating. There was meat every day, but la Mère Christine would have cooked it better. You couldn't expect an *américaine* to know much about cooking. They took good care of him; the doctor had understood his bad heart right away. The little girls were darlings. But once he had told Vergne that, what more was there left to say? It was, somehow, dull.

True, he could tell about the party the other night. Thirty people had been there, artists and such. They had dressed up in funny clothes, kings and queens and what not, and eaten at long tables in the studio. There was turkey, cooked to a turn at the baker's, and chestnut purée, and cakes, and all kinds of drinkables, and of the best, for sure. Everyone had been nice to him, and when they danced he had danced with a big woman who could have swung most of these artists around like a sack of chaff, and he had swung her properly. Yes, he was still good for that. But there was something lacking. At a party at home, he would have told the story of Matthieu's *Accouchement*; he would have sung "La Panella." Here, although they were polite and asked him, he didn't really want to. They didn't know the patois anyhow.

At home he could always tell Vergne how his inventions were coming along. Here they weren't interested, or they wanted to laugh. Vergne laughed too, but that was different. There had been his mushroom cellar, which worked fine until the cow fell through the roof. And the pump, which really did work. In Paris there was nothing to invent; if you wanted something, you went out and bought it.

Here, what they did best was talk.


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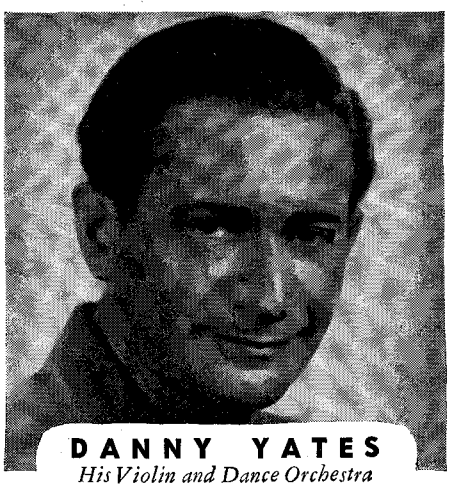

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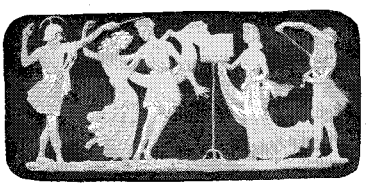
What talk he had heard since he came! In the country, now, there was always something worth talking about—building a house, crops, the weather—but this putting colors on a canvas or fooling with clay—how the devil could anyone think of so much to say about that? Art, politics, Blum, Hitler, and *patati* and *patata!* It made your head turn, so much jabber. This afternoon, there they were, at it again. So when Dédé had asked if she could do her shopping, he had said he would go with her and maybe show her the fair.

They reached the corner and turned down the Rue Tholozé, one of the Montmartre streets which plunge down the hill, over rapids and waterfalls of stone steps, toward the great boulevards below. They walked down the steps, saying nothing; neither of them was much for talk. In silence they passed the frowzy little Montmartre hotels from which surprising women, in marvellous rich fur coats over an odd mixture of silk lingerie, house aprons, and felt slippers, came forth to do their marketing or to take a *café crème* in the corner café. Then the Rue Tholozé became the Rue Lepic, with one of the liveliest markets in Paris teeming along its sidewalks.

A cold wind rushed up the street as though it were a corridor, and the damp cold from the cobblestones pierced the legs, but the market people did not mind. They were gay because it was holiday time; flowers and lights were strung on cords high above the street and they were making money. So they laughed and stamped their feet and hurled jovial insults at each other. Three months ago they had not laughed so much. Czechoslovakia was being sold at Munich, and on the Rue Lepic they talked low together, as people talk outside a sickroom where someone in the family is desperately ill. But the trouble had passed. It was patched up somehow and it would probably be patched again. After all, if you wished to preserve the peace, surely the main thing was to hold fast to it when you had it.

Dede felt at home in the market; she often went there on errands—to get a paper cone of tangerines or just to carry *Tata's* market bag. She loved the butcher shops, with fat, blond butcher boys, like cherubs, behind the long-necked turkeys and geese, the whole lambs and kids with flowers around their necks, and the plump legs of lamb wearing tricolored cocardes. She loved the fruit shops, with their apples and oranges, pears and tangerines, piled so regularly, and the bakeries, overflowing



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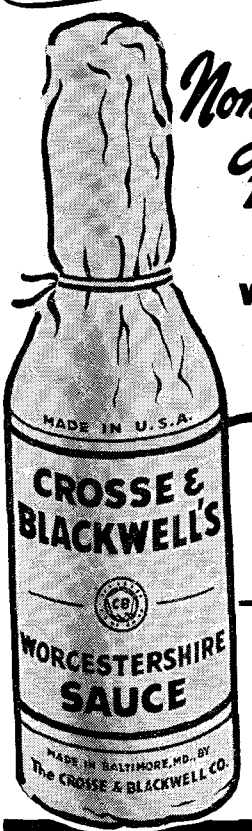


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now with Christmas cakes. In the largest butcher shop hung a wild boar from the Ardennes, huge and shaggy; he would be raffled off New Year's Eve, cut by cut. Dédé would have liked to draw his head, with the fierce teeth, so that she could send it to la Mère Christine. That would be a gift!

But nothing she saw would really do. There were pretty, bright housedresses—but la Mère Christine wore only black—and festoons of pink rayon underwear—but that would never do! *Ben vrai*, it was difficult. And time was passing. She stared about her, with the desperate feeling that comes in dreams of someone counting the minutes over you while you stand helpless.

Papa Gène's feet were cold; he stood morosely looking at a sausage shop with its numerous family of sausages, ranging from the *saucisson de Lyon*, proud and majestic in its silver paper, to the humble *boudin* or blood sausage. At home, la Mère Christine would soon be eating *boudin* too, *boudin* which she had made when they killed the pig, and it would be better than any they had here. He spoke roughly to Dédé. "Come on, Dédé, move yourself!" he said. "Budge!"

The sound of music led them on down to the Boulevard de Clichy, where the fair, which encamped every year on the broad, tree-lined walk in the middle of the boulevard, was in full swing. Merry-go-rounds turned briskly and swings whirled. There were fortune-tellers who told you your fate by cards, tea leaves, or melted candle wax; there were freaks and animals; there were popcorn, nougat, and caramels; there were games of chance; there was *massacre*, the game in which you throw a ball at a man's head; there were shooting galleries and, circling high in steel spirals, over the Place Blanche, the Russian Mountain, a big roller coaster.

"Well, Dédé, it's the fair!" said Papa Gène. Suddenly they both felt at home. It was the fair. It brayed, cried, whistled, tooted, or bellowed through loudspeakers. Bigger, noisier, but a fair is a fair, whether it be at Paris or St. Yrieix-la-Montagne. Papa Gène rubbed his hands together. "What would you like to see now? The merry-go-round?"

Dédé was staring at a wheel of fortune, set against the back of a wide booth, behind a long counter. The wheel turned and you bet on the number at which you thought it would stop. She edged nearer. The prizes were beautiful.

"Come on, *mesdames* and *mes-*

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*sieurs!*" chanted the *patronne*. She was stout and her abundant hair and mustache blazed with peroxide. "Life is short, love is too, but luck is yours for twenty sous! Your turn to win! Make your play!"

Papa Gène pulled out a franc. With a surge of courage, Dédé took it from him, stepped forward, and placed it on a number on the oilcloth-covered board. Others did the same. The wheel spun slowly and stopped. No luck for Dédé. She had won nothing. She fumbled desperately for her own few remaining francs and placed another on the board, and then another. The third time her number won and placed high; she had won a fine prize.

"*Mince alors!* Your turn to win!" shouted the *patronne*. She held out a marvellous doll, a lady doll, with a haughty white face and dark eyes and long green skirts that twinkled with sequins, but Dédé shook her head. "If there is a choice," she said, "I will take the lampshade." To Papa Gène she added, "It will be for la Mère Christine." The woman shrugged and handed her a glass lampshade, its surface covered with great lumps in the shapes of flowers.

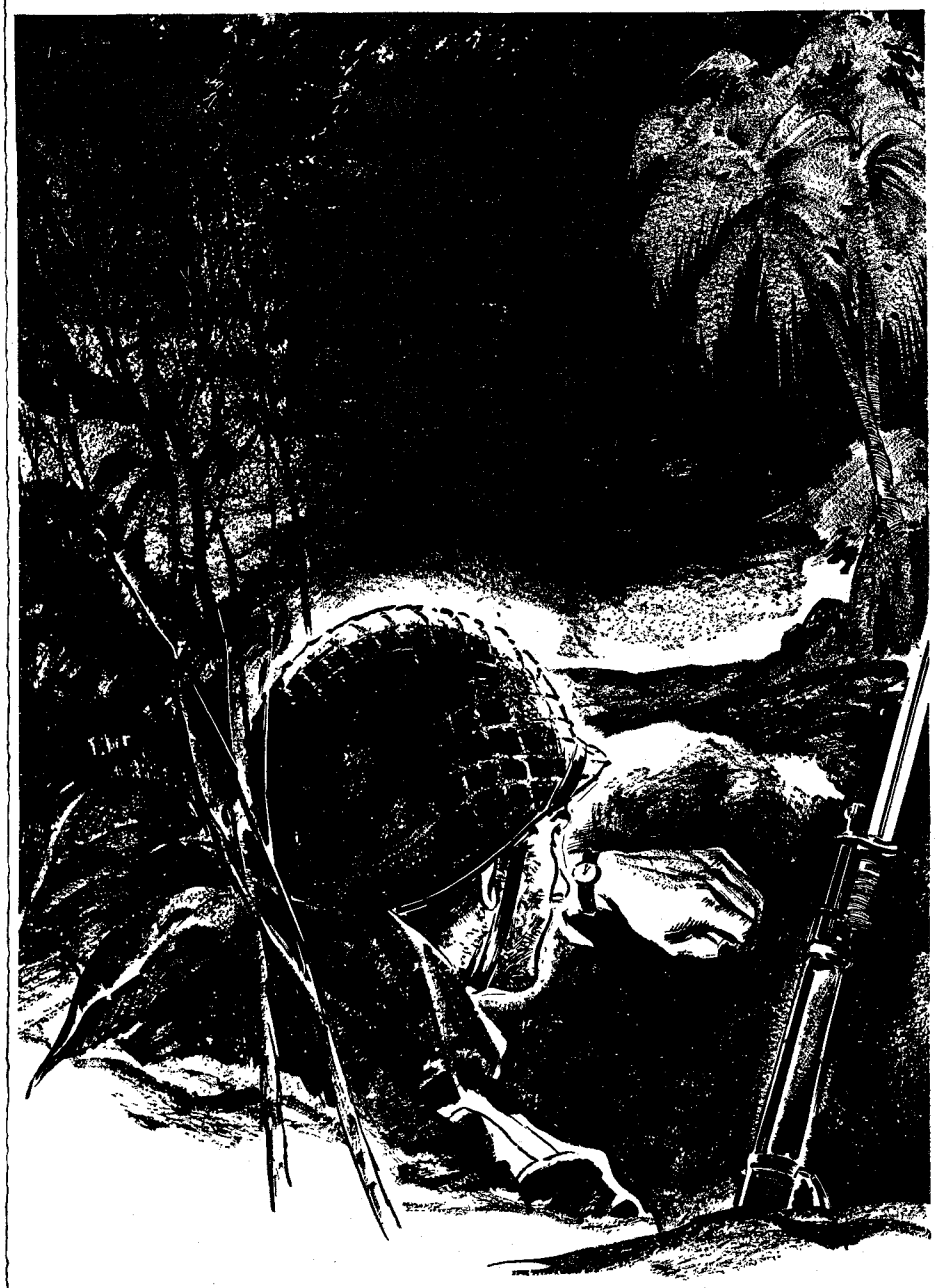
"Are you mad, Dédé?" growled Papa Gène. "What will she do with it?"

"She said she might have electricity put in someday," Dédé said firmly. "And it is so beautiful!" She held it tenderly, her eyes shining.

Papa Gène grunted, but said no more. His eyes had wandered to a nearby booth. "Well, you'd better take it home," he said. "Getting late now. Might be that *Tata* needs you to help with the baby." Dédé looked regretfully down the vista of the fair; there was so much she had not seen. "Now hurry up," he told her, "and get home before you drop the shade." She turned and trotted up the hill.

Papa Gene watched her go and then strolled over to the booth which had caught his eye. It bore the legend "*Danseuses Américaines—Le Nudisme Intégral!*" For a while he gravely studied the posters and then he bought a ticket. A new show was just about to start, and he walked into the tent and sat down on a bench, among a scattering of young workmen, soldiers, and couples from the provinces. He settled himself placidly to wait until the barker outside had drummed up enough trade and the show could begin.

When the tent was fairly full, music struck up, a curtain shot back, and several women came out on a raised



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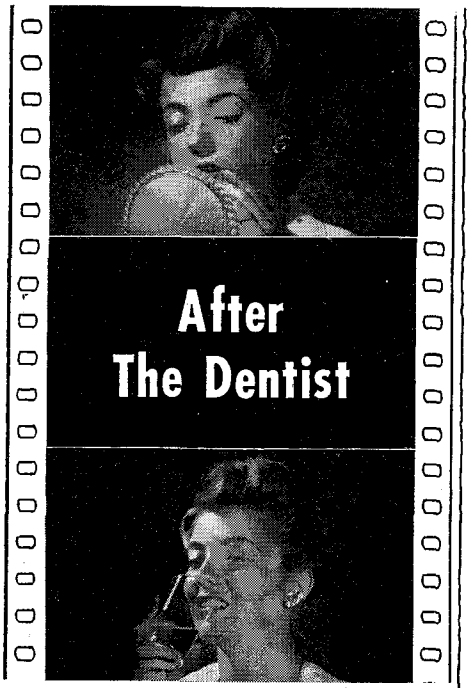


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platform. They were not young girls, but they could still step lively, *bon Diou!* They wore skirts with feathers on them, and not much else but jewelled circles on their *nichons*. *Là-là-a-a!* How they jumped and shook themselves! They sang, too, if you could call it singing when they squalled almost like la Jeannette, the donkey at home. The songs weren't very proper; just as well he had sent Dédé home. The soldiers laughed and clapped, and so did he.

The women left the platform and others came out. It was all a good deal alike, except that each new group of dancers wore fewer clothes; the skirts shrank and finally the jewelled circles disappeared. The women worked hard. They were all of a sweat and wriggled their hips as though the fleas were biting them. He must tell Vergne about it. At last a great, husky Negress came out. She was laughing; her white teeth shone. She wore a skirt of long, glittering fringe and nothing else; how it flashed over her brown legs! Her long *nichons* were unbelievable; they hung down below her navel. The music thumped wildly and she whirled about, light as a feather, even though she was so huge. Her skirt and the *nichons* whirled too. The crowd stamped and laughed—laughed like a whale! At the end she gave a sudden twist and tossed the *nichons* up over her shoulders. The crowd stood up and shouted for more.

"That's all!" said the showman. Papa Gène went out with the crowd. He took out his purse and bought another ticket for the "*Danseuses Américaines*." He also bought a paper cone of roasted chestnuts from the charcoal stove on the corner. Then he went back into the tent and sat down to wait for the show to begin again.

At last, now, he would have something to tell Vergne! Christine, too. "Try it, Christine!" he would tell her. "Try it, that dance!" "Gène!" she would cry. "Aren't you *ashamed?*" He settled down, eating his chestnuts, and his face, rugged and mild as that of the old shepherd in the crèche on the hill, was bathed in a warm happiness.

—Mary Mian

•

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—*Los Angeles Times.*

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

*For the Library*

THERE'S a new book out called "A Pictorial History of the Movies," the compilers of which are Deems Taylor, who gets top billing and the largest print on the cover, Bryant Hale, and Marcelene Peterson. There is an introduction signed by Mr. Taylor and the captions that go with the stills of which the book mainly consists seem to be in Mr. Taylor's quipping style. The introduction contains a defense of the movies which sounds reasonable enough, although in one place it says, "The earliest talking pictures were, most of them, little more than animated photographs of stage plays," and doesn't go on to say that a great deal too many of them still are. The layout of the book proper is somewhat cramped, and captions have been squeezed into awkward places, but that's probably owing to wartime paper restrictions and can't be helped.

As everybody has said who has already reviewed this book, or, in fact, any book which presumes to pick and choose from a welter of material, some people will be inclined to quarrel with some of the selections or omissions. It seems to me, though, that there is remarkably little ground for grumbling over this one. Just one squawk will suffice me, for example. It is to the effect that rather too much attention has been paid to super-productions which practically bludgeoned the public into submission and not quite enough to smaller but more significant works. For instance, I would like to have seen more than a quick glance devoted to "The Scoundrel," since it was part of an effort, by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, to make un-Hollywood pictures. I would also like to have seen more than one still, even though it's a full-page one, from "The Informer" and fewer than four from "Gone with the Wind." It is probably unreasonable to mention other, minor whims, like wanting to have a quarter of the book confined to shots of W. C. Fields. Otherwise, this pictorial history is pretty sound and pretty complete. In three hundred and thirty-eight pages, the compilers have outlined the birth of the motion picture, the Keystone era, the

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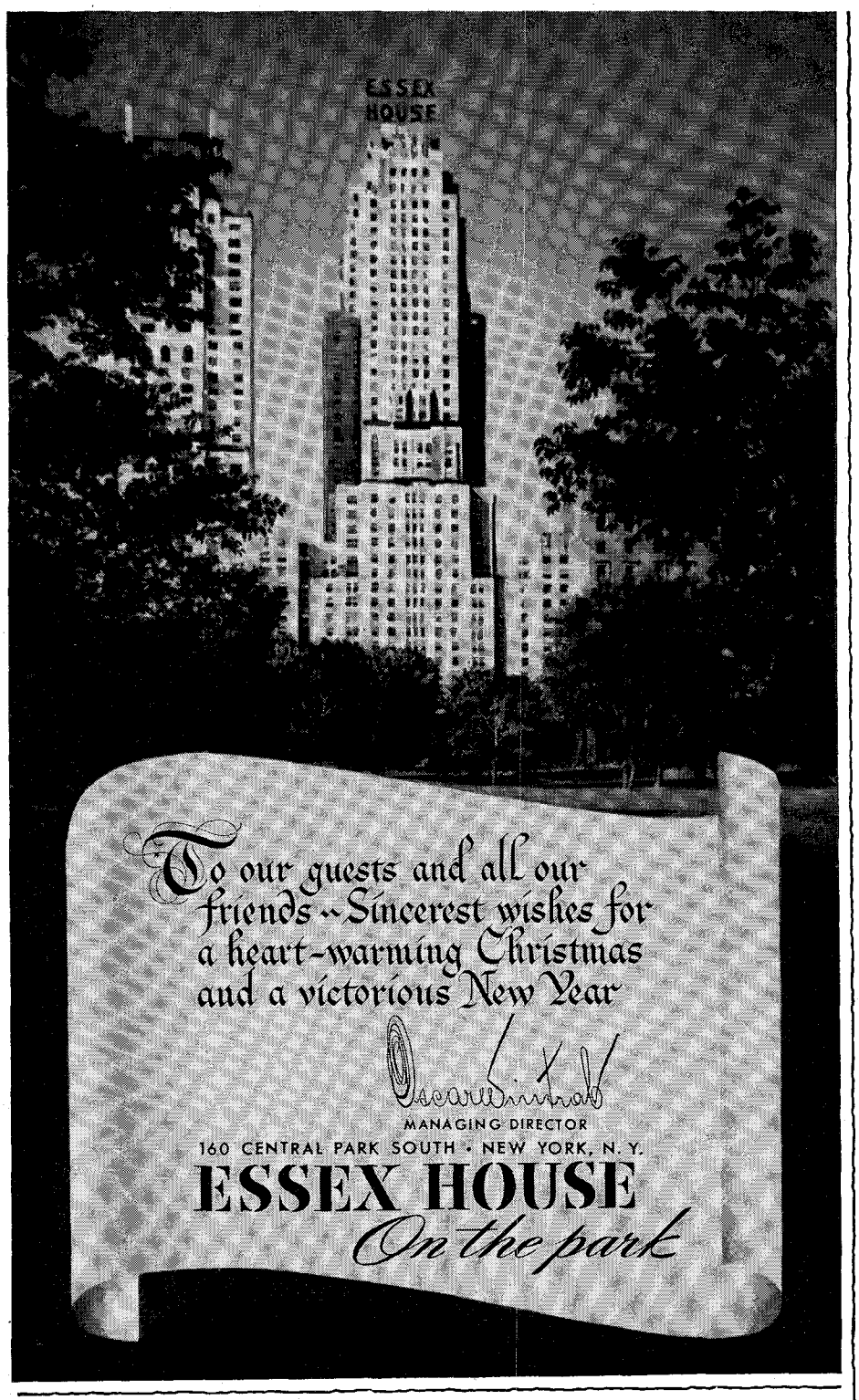
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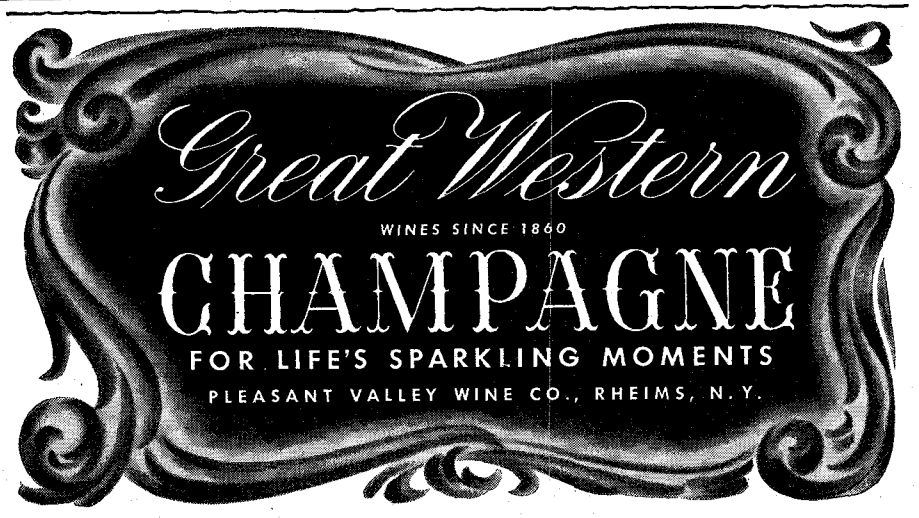


D. W. Griffith era, the twenties, and the development of the talkie.

In his captions, if he did write them, Mr. Taylor has sensibly refrained from offering much critical comment. He refers to the Andy Hardy series as a "plague," but that's about as far as he goes. The reader is permitted to stare undisturbed at pictures of Chaplin and Lon Chaney and Douglas Fairbanks and Jean Harlow and John Barrymore and the Marx Brothers and be reminded of how the movies have succeeded in growing on him. The book has one insidious effect. It recalls a couple of hundred pictures to you that you would like to drop around at a neighborhood house and see over again, and they're not there.

A NEW picture that will prompt only gloomy memories, if any, in time to come is "The Gang's All Here," with Alice Faye, which demonstrates that the musical extravaganza on the screen is getting no better but considerably more extravagant. There is a story that has to do with a fellow going away to war and leaving a couple of girls behind him and then coming back to let them know which one can accompany him to the altar. However, story and characters are abandoned at the end and replaced by strange, gaudy designs in Technicolor that are just like what you see in a child's kaleidoscope and probably not what you paid your admission for.

"CRAZY HOUSE" has Olsen and Johnson, who are distinguishable by me from Abbott and Costello only through the severest concentration. Olsen and Johnson are the ones who shoot off pistols to get their laughs, and it's no more effective than what Abbott and Costello do. —DAVID LARDNER

•

One result of the wars not generally taken into account by leading forward-lookers, commentators and estimators of the future is sure to be the evolution of one of the most curious brands of English since the involutions of euphemism.—*Lucius Beebe in the Herald Tribune.*

It's practically here.

•

**DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT**

[*From the society column of the Louisville Courier-Journal*]

Mrs. James Morrison Wilson will go to New York early in December to meet Mr. Wilson, who will arrive on the Gripsholm after spending several years in Shanghai, China.

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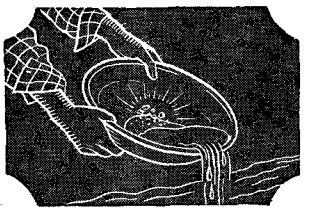
# TABLES FOR TWO

## *Red Sky at Night*

THE unpleasant rumor that you can't buy a drink any more, probably started by someone whose New York night life comes to an end as he boards the 5:34 for Stamford, was dealt a couple of fairly stunning blows last week, when two of the largest and best-stocked bars-with-entertainment this department has ever set foot in got under way. Just in time, too, it seemed, what with the imminence of the holidays and the freshet of Christmas furloughs, for the two new establishments filled up almost at once without having any noticeable effect upon the attendance at other places. Thus once again the night-club operators have demonstrated that, in an era filled with uncertainties, they are going to see things through with the old-world punctilio and graciousness for which they are famous. Priorities, shortages, and the fact that most of the pleasant and competent hatcheck girls appear to have become Tech IV's in the Wacs do not daunt men of this stamp. Take the Copa Bar, which opened last week as an annex to the Copacabana. There, for example, you will find Jack, the manager, abandoning his post to get the girls moving in the checkroom when, as often happens, things have reached a complete impasse. In several places around town, you will find, for further example, that the boys, by careful hooking and pruning and a little judicious watering, have been able to make three ponies of Scotch grow where only one grew before. There is, in fact, palpable evidence that some of them are carrying punctilio to the point of being willing, if they haven't your choice of rye or cognac or whatever, to dust down cellar—as in an earlier and well-remembered crisis—and make it up for you on the spot. Oh, well, as the United States Public Health Service is always saying, "A sober people is an alert and healthy one."

THE New Monte Carlo, the first of the two subjects of this dissertation to open last week, is, to save needless confusion, practically on the site of the old, used-up one. It is really more than a bar-with-entertainment, but the bar is certainly the thing that catches your eye as you go in. It catches your eye partly because it looks like the longest one in the world—next, anyway, to that legendary Shanghai bar Navy men on the China station used to tell you about—and partly because Franklin Hughes, who seems to be designing all the night clubs these days, has made the momentous discovery that you can, after all, do up a bar without using a single strip of chromium. Hughes uses glass—not just the conventional mirrors but ripply, bubbly glass with pale white or warm vin-rosé light gleaming through it. In the sunken living room off to the left of the bar, there is a lot of night club, containing—not too surprisingly, I imagine—a bandstand, tables, and a dance floor. Here Hughes has occasionally lapsed into those blues, pinks, and blacks that are unhappily indigenous to night life and certain types of expensive lingerie, but he has lapsed with such skill that nobody is going to mind. Two bands play, from dinner right on through, and there is singing from time to time, notably by a dark-haired young lady named Marga, who does South American songs with eminently satisfactory fervor. Once in a while you get the notion that the public-address system doesn't know its own strength, for you find your conversation with your dinner partner going completely to pieces. You and your dinner partner will, however, like what you eat, which is a good deal better than you'd expect to get of a late evening nowadays.

THE new Copa Bar is also the handiwork of Franklin Hughes, and last week old settlers at No. 10 East Sixtieth could be heard murmuring, "The Heigh-Ho Club was never like this." There is more of that bubbly glass, and a horseshoe bar in the centre of the room, and a niche in one wall for the more or less continuous but rather haphazard singing and music (not for dancing, though) to be manufactured, and around two of the other walls a series of neat little throne rooms, each with its gay canopy, for the favored customers. Handsome is the word for this place too. The customers are the same ones you've been rubbing elbows with in the Copacabana for the past few seasons. Among them wanders the timeless Peppy De Albreu (rechristened Albrew for people whose lips move when they read), occasionally keeping the guests out of a performer's hair with the admonishment "Please be

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quiet!" and, after all these years, looking just as well as the décor. I miss, though, the chipper live white mouse he used to wear in his breast pocket; took too many red points, I expect.

THERE are some other new shows around, even though business is generally so good that it apparently doesn't matter whether a club ever changes its bill. The old Saratoga racetrack crowd and the perennially faithful South American clientele which haunt the Versailles are staring with some astonishment at the unwonted spectacle of Dwight Fiske, who is having shortage trouble too, it would seem. Mrs. Pettibone is still his favorite subject, which should give you an idea. The rest of the show is just one of those shows, but the young ladies still look as fine as ever and the rumba band still works with the proper bounce. . . . You can also go to La Vie Parisienne, where Sheila Barrett may now be heard. Miss Barrett, whose sense of humor is mordant and whose mimicry of this and that irritating personage is without mercy, is a very funny girl indeed, and I am glad to see her back in town. It is not always a certainty, however, that you are going to have the chance to enjoy her. Last week, on Installment Eve, for instance, she ran off a show at the tidy hour of ten-thirty and called it a night. Another Vie P. performer is Wally Boag, the estimable young man whose rubber-balloon elephants and dachshunds have replaced the rubber plants in the hallway of many a stately home of Flatbush. He is also having shortage trouble, for the balloons he is getting are not what they used to be and occasionally blow up in his face. His animals, though, are more ingeniously intricate than ever. . . . This department's favorite entertainer of the moment is nevertheless the headwaiter who, after apparently playing butlers in stock for years on the road, got his chance to play Broadway in one of the more elaborate clubs last week. "Would the gentleman like wine?" he inquired engagingly of the man sitting at the table next to mine. "I just sold a lovely bottle to that couple over there. Look!" Whereupon he reached for the wine cooler, extracted the bottle from its arctic cradle, and thrust it, shedding water and icicles, under his victim's nose. —R. E. M. W.

•

Bianca's clothes come off with a bang . . .
—*From Stark Young's review of "Othello" in the New Republic.*

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

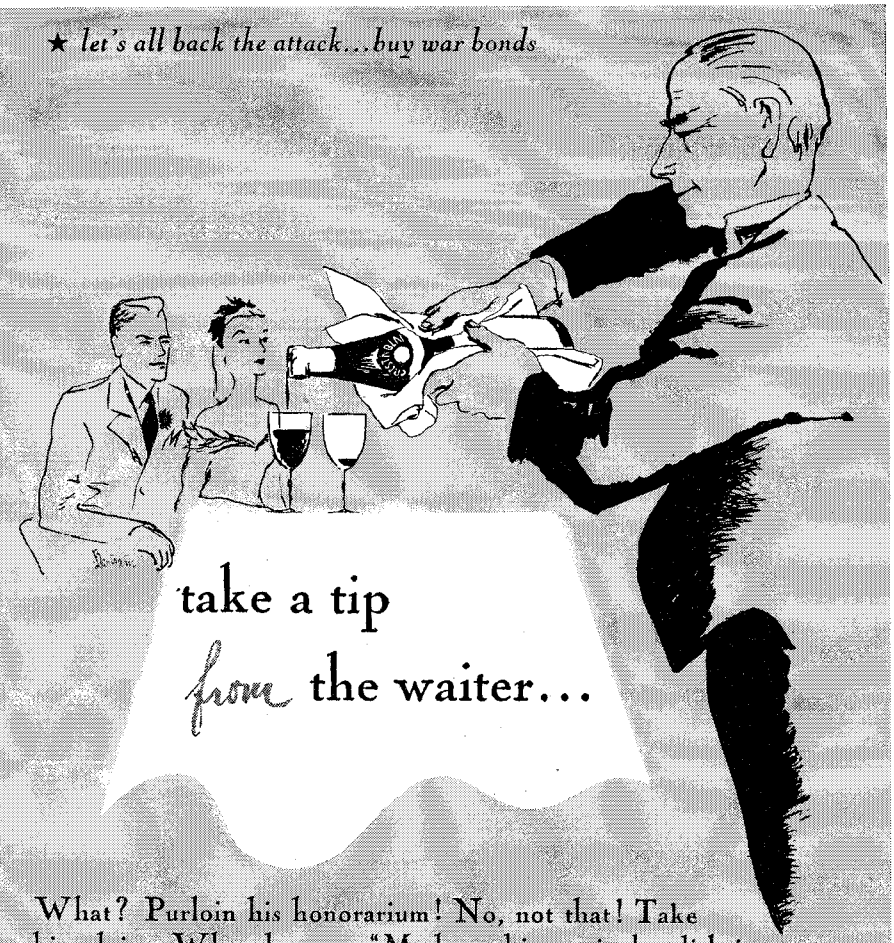
## *Home Talent*

LAST week's concert of American music by the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall brought to mind a Christmas-time article I read years ago. The author, whose name I can't recall, listed his holiday wishes. One was that the works of American composers would be played once in a while. It was a pertinent wish, for that was in the days when the presentation of an American composition by an important orchestra was not only a rarity but even a fairly spectacular news event. Though generally considered a worthy act, such a performance was also regarded as an unwarranted deviation from concert procedure, and often there was an atmosphere of condescension, intentional or otherwise, in the reception the music received.

Considerable progress has been made since then, as the Philadelphia Orchestra's program demonstrated. None of the five compositions on the bill was even a first performance; every one of them had already been heard hereabouts, either in public concerts or on the air. Samuel Barber's "Adagio for Strings," Robert Russell Bennett's "Four Freedoms" symphony, and Oscar Levant's piano concerto had their débuts with the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Aaron Copland's "Billy the Kid" suite was derived from the ballet Mr. Copland wrote for the Ballet Caravan, and George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" was of course commissioned by Paul Whiteman long ago. All five were conducted excellently by Eugene Ormandy, and the audience liked them all, too, in varying degrees.

The range of musical moods was as wide as you could want, if you wanted contrasts. The Barber Adagio was broadly eloquent; the Bennett symphony, inspired by Norman Rockwell's posters for the War Bond drives, was optimistic and folksy, for all of its orchestral brilliance; the Levant concerto was full of drive and ingenuity, though somewhat given to jumping around; "Billy the Kid" was tuneful and dramatic, although this music is at its best when it is played, as it was intended, as the accompaniment for a ballet; and


★ *let's all back the attack...buy war bonds*



take a tip *from* the waiter...

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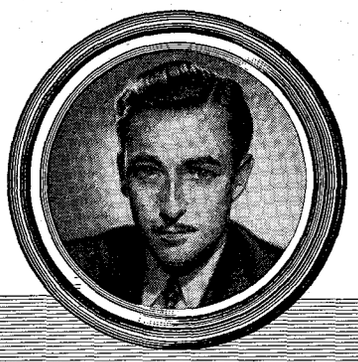

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"The Rhapsody in Blue"—well, it sounded as fine as it always does, especially since Oscar Levant was the piano soloist.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN, the astonishing young assistant conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony, did his second pinch-hitting job of the season last Thursday when Howard Barlow had influenza and wasn't able to start his appearances as guest conductor on schedule. This time, there wasn't as much pinch as there was at Mr. Bernstein's début, when he took over one of Bruno Walter's programs without a rehearsal, for Mr. Bernstein was able to get in one rehearsal for this concert. It was a hit, too, because the twenty-five-year-old assistant came through again with a sure-handed, bare-handed job in which he showed command and individuality. I thought that, by taking them rather too fast, he lost the full impact of the closing pages of Brahms' variations on a theme by Haydn, but the rest of the composition was played with charm and elasticity. Delius's "Paris," which somehow becomes less impressive on better acquaintance, had ample atmosphere, and the accompaniment for Albert Spalding's playing of the Beethoven violin concerto was firm yet flexible.

Another young American conductor was involved in the program—Bernard Herrmann, who conducted the national anthem rousingly and had a suave performance of his own "For the Fallen," a war piece written at the invitation of the League of Composers. Mr. Herrmann's short composition, officially a berceuse, was marked by feeling, restraint, and skill. However, the quotation of a bit of Handel's "Messiah" in the coda seemed superfluous.

THE Metropolitan greeted the holiday season with its latest revival of Verdi's "The Masked Ball," conducted by Bruno Walter. The book is a dodo, but there is lots of fine, live music in the opera, and Mr. Walter kept it moving. The cast went right along with him. If you don't bother with the story and just listen to the score, "The Masked Ball" is something to put on your shopping list for 1944. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Q. What process of nature is effort? A. The manufacture of being used to duplicate the war synthetic jewels for use in precision instruments.—*The World-Telegram.*

Next question.

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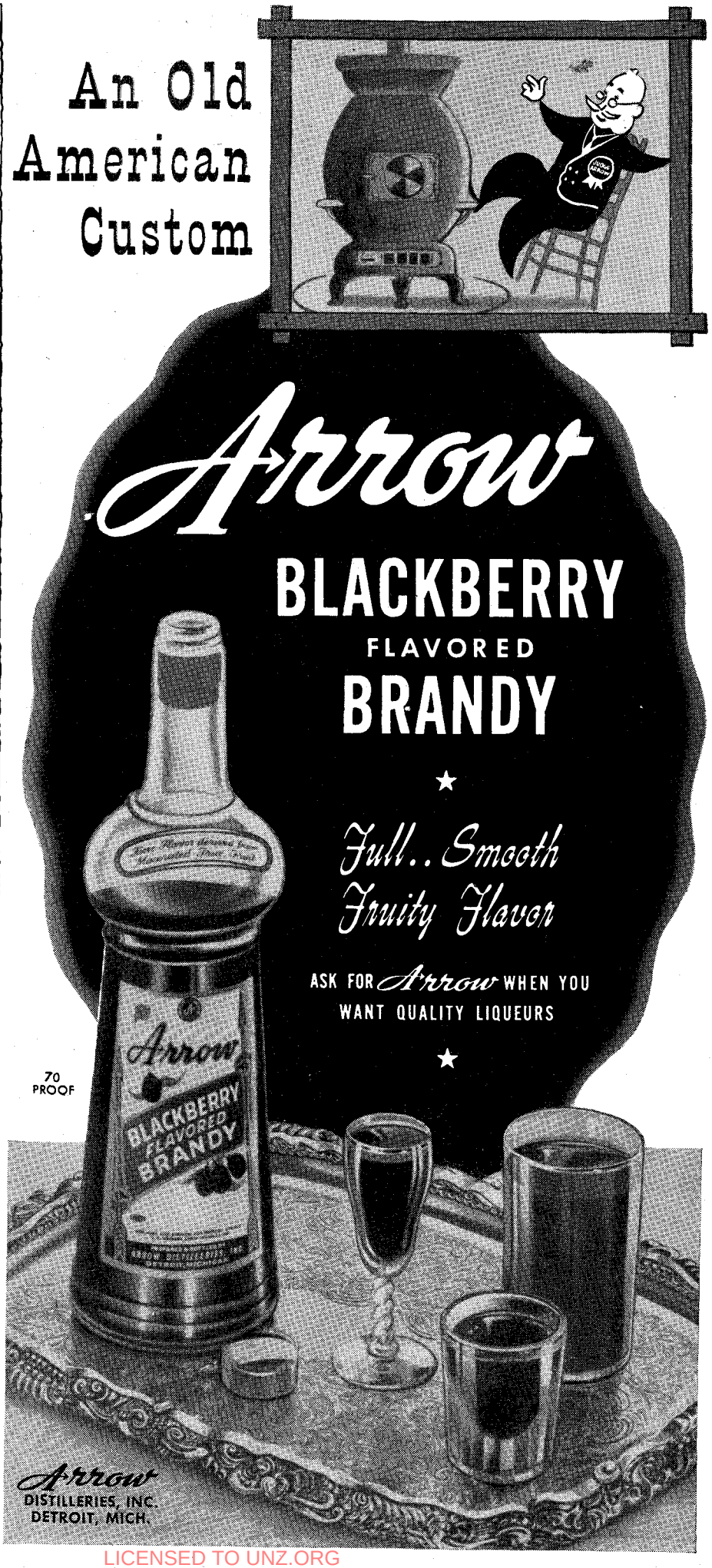
# NOTES ON SPORTS

*Puzzle*

THIS Sunday, the Washington Redskins will play the Chicago Bears at Chicago for the championship of the National Professional Football League, and maybe the Great Redskin Mystery, which has baffled the brains of six continents, will be forgotten in the hurly-burly. If the Bears win, and they should, it will help take people's minds off the mystery aforesaid, because it will be one more loss for the Redskins and will make their two lickings by the New York Giants, the second of which was by a score of 31–7, a shade less noticeable. Three weeks ago, it looked as though the Redskins were a shoo-in for the championship of the Eastern Division of the National League and the subsequent playoff with the formidable Bears, the champions of the Western Division. Then, in two successive games, the Redskins were beaten by the Giants, just a fair team according to the record, and thereby lapsed into a tie for the Eastern championship. That tie was broken last Sunday, when the Redskins reverted to type and beat the Giants 28–0.

It was impossible, last Sunday, for anybody who hadn't seen that 31–7 phenomenon the previous week to picture it. In Sunday's game, with just about the same personnel as they had had the week before, the Redskins were better in every department than the Giants, who were also pretty close to full strength. The Redskins' pass-receivers were always in the clear and available to Sammy Baugh, the team's eminent passer. The Giants were reputed to have found the key to Baugh's passing attack, but on Sunday they appeared to have left it in their other pants. The only triumph they had over the Redskins all afternoon was causing a great many of them to bite the dust and have to be led wobbling off the field. The one obvious injury the Giants suffered was to the bizarre knee of Frank Cope, a tackle. Three times, as the teams disentangled themselves after a play, Cope was left sitting on the ground adjusting his knee, which has a way of sliding out of place. He would give it a shove, and all the way from the stands you could see it jump back where it be-

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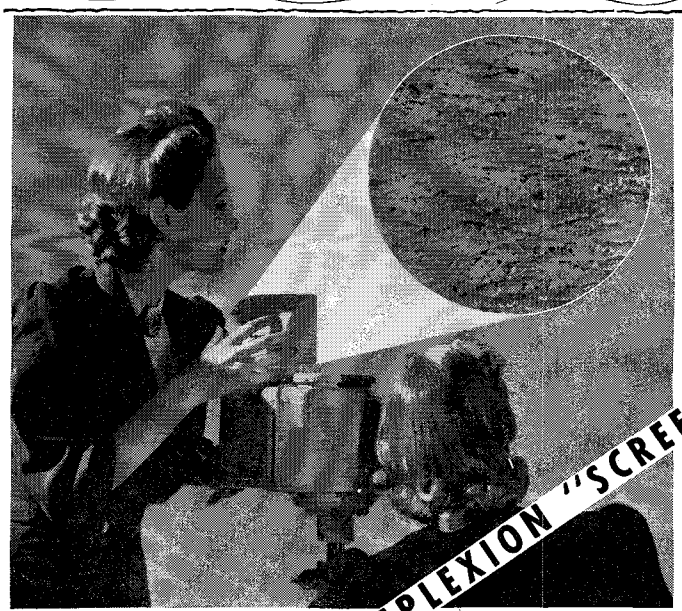

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longed. Then he would get up and go on about his business. After the third time, though, he left the field to tinker with the thing on the bench.

THE taxpayers of New York should be proud of supporting a state athletic commission which doesn't recognize Sammy Angott as the lightweight champion of the world. It's not that Angott can't beat most or all of the other lightweights but simply that an organization which officially recognizes the fact, as the National Boxing Association does, is lacking in aesthetic values. Last Friday, in his bout with Bobby Ruffin at the Garden, Angott proved for the eighth or tenth time that he is as unlovely a fighter to watch as there is on the market. He won from Ruffin, but his system of throwing three punches and then clinging to the other fellow's arms was no more attractive than it's ever been. Sooner or later, the general opinion seems to be, he will get to fight Beau Jack, who is the New York State world champion. If Angott wins, New York may have to acknowledge him. He may win, too, because Beau Jack doesn't look like the kind of fighter to solve his style. The ideal man for the job would be capable of doing a lot of damage with just one punch, because Angott can absorb any number of moderate knocks. This other man would also have to be fast enough to catch Angott coming in, before he had a chance to give his well-known imitation of the climbing fern. The ability to take punishment wouldn't be required, because Angott hasn't got it to offer. —D. L.

•

## THE SHEPHERDS' WATCH

In other towns than Bethlehem
Tonight, through darkened skies,
A later symbol, bright with flame,
Will dazzle shepherds' eyes.

In other towns men will not hear
The lost remembered singing
Coming upon the midnight clear
Or see the Magi bringing

Their gift of worship, bright and sweet.
Now by their great dark flocks
The shepherds of the cannon wait
War's bitter equinox.

Death sings the loudest song, not life,
Death stars the darkened skies,
And men who watch must watch with grief,
Death mirrored in their eyes.

—CHARLES E. BUTLER

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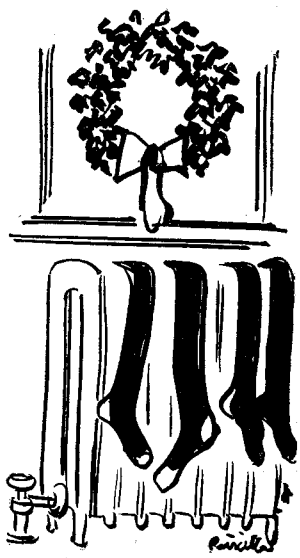
# THE MAIDEN VOYAGE OF LST 169 ~ III

THE weather was fair as LST 169, the Landing Ship, Tanks, on which I am a Coast Guard gunnery officer, headed south, together with a number of other LST's, across the Gulf of Mexico. We had had an air shield, consisting of blimps and planes, but it had turned back, and we were now protected only by our complement of screening vessels, anti-submarine ships that were all less than two hundred feet long. The comparatively huge, flat-bottomed LST's did well on a calm sea. Their superstructures were placed far aft and they resembled a pack of squat, formidable tankers, zigzagging slowly over the sea. They made, it seemed to me, a magnificent armada. Beyond the delta of the Mississippi River, the water had become less and less muddy, and now it was a beautiful, vivid blue. It was deep, too—from one to three thousand fathoms. We were travelling in the warm western equatorial current, which turns around the tip of Florida to become the Gulf Stream.

Nothing much had happened on the voyage. General quarters, the call to action stations, was sounded each day in a drill. I commanded the guns during these periods and I couldn't help worrying more than necessary about my new responsibility and hoping that all my men would do well if the real thing came along. The gun crews were beginning to shape up and to perform with a certain amount of aplomb. Routine ship matters took up most of our time, but as the hours passed there were occasional small excitements. Now and then we sighted land—small, semi-tropical islands—and when this happened our lookout shouted, with particular enthusiasm, the ancient cry on ships at sea, "Land-ho!" Then some of the men discovered that in a large compartment forward in the hull there was enough good salt water for a swim. The water had come through the sides of the bow, where it opened to let down a ramp. The level of the water was constantly changing as the ocean harmlessly flowed in and out.



DURING my daylight watches, I noticed the increasing size of the schools of flying fish, and I wondered about the almost complete absence of birds. I remembered the swarms that used to follow ships in pre-war days, snatching up bits of refuse thrown overboard. Possibly the birds had just given up ship-following as a bad job in these times, now that all vessels grind their refuse, before casting it overboard, in order to leave no record of their course for U-boats. Somehow, we were very little concerned about submarines, although they were unquestionably operating in our region, as was proved one day when we got reports that some were not many miles to the north of us. One reason for our nonchalance may have been the confidence we had in the patrol vessels. Whatever the explanation, there was a tendency among the men to feel completely secure aboard LST 169 and to leave their rubber lifebelts scattered about the ship instead of wearing them.

The night of our fifth day out, we ran into a heavy sea and our ship's flat bottom began to play tricks on us. When we rode parallel with the waves, the ship rolled freakishly. Then, when we changed direction and headed into the rollers, she took on an extravagant bucking motion. As we wallowed, our crockery and kitchen utensils went crashing around the galley and the pantry. This awakened the captain and he went the rounds, swearing at the sea and the ship as he gave orders to make things fast. The captain had had very little sleep on the trip. He was always getting up to see that we were handling our jobs properly. When some real emergency came along, the Reserves among us, I included, felt helpless. As the captain strode about, cursing and trying to put things to rights, I couldn't help thinking that taking a lot of landlubbers to sea called for a special type of bravery.

The sea kept up the next day. It completely changed life aboard the ship. The syncopated and inevitable motion permeated the vessel. It was everywhere, and it was maddening. When you walked down a passageway, you banged the walls. When you sat on a chair, you slid off the seat. At mess, plates and cutlery skidded across the table. Liquids suddenly rose in their con-

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tainers and splashed in your face. Even your cabin was full of pranks and terrors. The bucking was like nothing any of us had ever imagined. "This is the Dipsy Doodle, but with a floy-floy," said Ensign Caplan, our supply officer. "I don't like it." I believe he spoke for the entire crew, most of whom were too sick to speak for themselves. Even the engineering officer, a sailor for eight years, was impressed and kept announcing that he expected his false teeth to be jolted out at any moment.

That evening, with the sea still cutting up, we ran into a tropical rainstorm. A little before four the next morning, I staggered through the bucking ship, clad in oilskins, to keep my four-hour watch. As I climbed the ladder up to the bridge through the torrents of rain, there were times when I actually couldn't see my hand on the rung above. Inside the blacked-out wheelhouse, there was no illumination except a faint glow from the instruments. Rain slid down the windows in thick, wavy layers, forming an almost opaque sheet against the outside world. To get what visibility there was, I opened a couple of them, and the wind made the room almost as gusty as the bridge wings outside. The officer I relieved gave me, according to regulations, information about our position, station in the squadron, engine speed, position of screening ships, compass course, and steering course. We exchanged only the necessary remarks, as the weather made talk almost impossible, and he departed. I was alone on the bridge with the steersman. However, I knew that I was to have the captain awakened if there were a worsening of the weather, unusual signals from the patrol vessels, or any other exceptional incident. I had already read the night-order book, which reminds us of the duties we must fulfill while up there in the black smudge of night.

The deck watches had been relieved. I thought of the bow lookout and the men at the guns, and the water rolling down their faces as they tried to peer through the rain out into the night. It was almost as bad up on the bridge, surrounded by the impenetrable and roaring darkness. The Diesels, with their low, familiar hum, pushed us along. The other ships of the fleet were invisible, and I hoped that they were following our course closely. In the dull yellow glow of the compass box, I could see that we were sliding off to port. I called to the quartermaster, who was serving as steersman, for more right rudder. Then I wiped off the water on the compass glass. The rain, whirling


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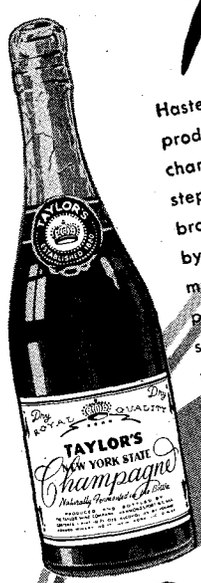

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through the wheelhouse, crashed against our faces and beat into our eyes. Then, suddenly, the black stain of clouds broke and a streak of moonlight slipped through to reveal that the other ships in the fleet, and we, were all in position. As the light was quickly blotted out again, the quartermaster said, "Thank God," which was just about what I was thinking.

The darkness and storm lasted until six-thirty, when the rain stopped and a steady light began to come out of the east. It brightened gradually into the gold and pink of a tropical sunrise. Not long afterward my watch came to an end.

Later that day I heard the gunner's mate grouching. The rain and the salt spray of the storm had scoured all the protective grease off our armament. After every heavy rain he had to spend hours supervising the standby gun crews, who cleaned the pieces and then reoiled and greased them. We had plenty of rain the next few days. In fact, our oilskins were never far from us. Being unaccustomed to the sea and to the ways of ships, we were a fairly tired company when, at last, we entered a channel in a heavily mined area at the Caribbean approach to the Panama Canal. The ships of the flotilla followed one another cautiously in single file, moving slowly up the twisting course like a string of green waterfowl, and before long we happily dropped anchor in the harbor of Cristobal.

AS you may know, Cristobal was once part of the city of Colón, but it has been under United States jurisdiction, as part of the Canal Zone, since 1904. Colón remains in the Republic of Panama. Colón, we understood, was noisy, rough, and booming; Cristobal was sedate. After our spell at sea, everyone needed relaxation. We were to be given our first shore liberty in what, with fair accuracy, could be called a foreign port. Ensign Billings (my roommate), Caplan, and I got permission to go ashore after 4 P.M. on our first day in port.

Cristobal and Colón, we found, were practically one town, separated only by a railroad track in one place and by an unpretentious business street in another. Caplan, Billings, and I were excited by our first trip ashore in a new country, but because we wanted to look like old hands we tried our best not to show it. We got into an old, horse-drawn cab and went on a brief sightseeing tour. After more than an hour's drive, during which our coachman had to contend with the American automobiles that


# THE NEW YORKER

## LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME VOLUMES BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS

*(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books first appeared in this magazine.)*

**McSorley's Wonderful Saloon,** by Joseph Mitchell. (*Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.50.*)

A full measure of Mr. Mitchell's lusty Profiles and his excursions into the lore of clams, terrapin, and beefsteak. Three tales, too, of Black Ankle County, North Carolina.

**Between the Dark and the Daylight,** by Nancy Hale. (*Scribners, $2.50.*)

Twenty short stories by an author of unusual range and penetration. This is Miss Hale's first book since "The Prodigal Women."

**Who's In Charge Here?** by George Price. (*Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50.*)

Another collection of drawings—one hundred and fifty of them—about Mr. Price's queer people and the way they live. Wolcott Gibbs has written a foreword.

**Afternoon of a Pawnbroker,** by Kenneth Fearing. (*Harcourt, Brace, $2.*)

Twenty-one poems which, in spite of their lightness of tone, may give you some uneasy moments.

**The Dream Department,** by S. J. Perelman. (*Random House, $2.*)

Twenty-five of Mr. Perelman's famous prose omelets, dealing with dentistry, ladies' underwear, taxes, the love life of Paul Gauguin, and kindred matters.

**Heathen Days,** by H. L. Mencken. (*Knopf, $3.*)

The third volume of Mr. Mencken's memoirs, following "Happy Days" and "Newspaper Days." There's a lot of almost everything here, from the Dayton monkey trial to the author's adventures in the Vatican.

**The Way Some People Live,** by John Cheever. (*Random House, $2.*)

The first collection of Sergeant Cheever's very effective short stories about confused and suffering people. There are thirty stories in all.

**Men, Women, and Dogs,** by James Thurber. (*Harcourt, Brace, $3.*)

Practically the definitive Thurber. Some two hundred pages of his drawings of the last ten years, including the "War Between Men and Women" series and all your other favorites. There is a foreword by Dorothy Parker.

**A Garland of Straw,** by Sylvia Townsend Warner. (*Viking, $2.50.*)

Twenty-eight malicious stories about the eccentrics Miss Warner delights in creating. The scene, of course, is England.

**G. I. Jungle,** by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (*Simon & Schuster, $2.*)

A sequel to "The Army Life," this is Warrant Officer Kahn's good-natured account of an infantryman's adventures among the diggers, Zeros, mosquitoes, and strange mammals of the Southwest Pacific.

**Women and Children First,** by Sally Benson. (*Random House, $2.*)

Short stories, thirty-eight of them, written in the last five years. Funny, touching, or terrifying glimpses into ladies' minds opened by an expert.

**Sophie Halenczik, American,** by Rose C. Feld. (*Little, Brown, $2.*)

Here are gathered all of Miss Feld's experiences with Sophie, the Czechoslovakian domestic, and her family. There are drawings, too, by Alajálov.

**All the Year Round,** by Robert M. Coates. (*Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.*)

In these twenty-eight stories, Mr. Coates deals with all kinds of people, alike only in that most of them have been caught at some tragic climax in their lives.

**You're Sitting on My Eyelashes,** by Whitney Darrow, Jr. (*Random House, $2.50.*)

The first collection of drawings by this hilarious artist who specializes in outrageous children and people with their clothes off.

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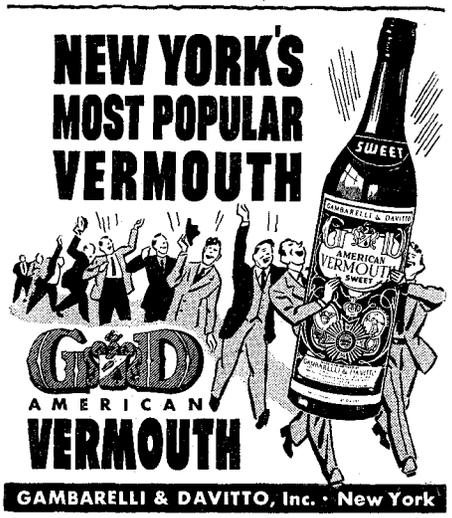


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swarmed the streets, we paid our fare of a dollar and got out to wander about on foot.

We decided to spend the evening in Colón, that being where all the night life was concentrated, and we started off by having dinner in one of the bars. The food was good—mostly rice, or rice in combination with meat, fish, or vegetables—and we ordered a number of these dishes. Many of the customers, native and American, were drinking beer, and we tried that, too. It is locally brewed and, if you're thirsty enough, satisfactory. After dinner we visited a few more bars. We learned that they stay open indefinitely. The customers were mostly servicemen and American civilians who, we discovered in the course of a few conversations, were Civil Service employees, many of whom had come down to work in the Canal Zone before the war. In these places the juke boxes (manufactured in Chicago) offered only Spanish and Latin-American tunes, and we patronized them enthusiastically.

The night clubs we visited had bands that played American music, and there were long-haired, dark-eyed, attractive girls who acted as hostesses and danced with male customers, especially those who were buying Scotch-and-soda, at what seemed to be the standard price of a dollar. In one establishment, Caplan was quite carried away by a floor show consisting of three middle-aged lady singers, all off key, and an acrobatic dancer who got herself into a series of muscular predicaments.

Around midnight the three of us returned to our LST. Our first night out in a foreign port was behind us and we felt that professionally we had arrived.

—Richard J. Theobald

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Roget's Thesaurus: In Dictionary Form. *C. O. Sylvester Mawson.* Here is the word book for students, teachers, business men, writers, speakers—for everyone who uses the English language and who wants to add color and emphasis to their speech and writing.—*Sears, Roebuck book catalogue.*

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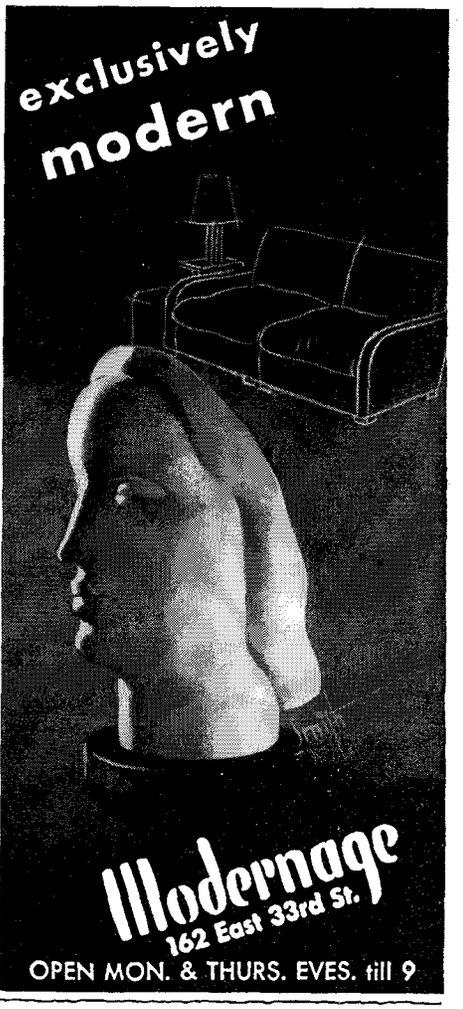
### GENERAL WASSAIL ORDER

[*From an Army post information bulletin*]

1. Christmas Cards: In order to reduce the labor of handling the Christmas mail and to obviate the sending of Christmas cards, it may be assumed that all the members of the Fort —— garrison and residents on the post extend to each other the greeting of the season.



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